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NEWSPAPER

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—March 2, 1974, 50 cents

What Can We Do About Inflation?

Louis J. Walinsky

Plugging Away—*John Osborne*
Solzhenitsyn—*Anthony Astrachan*
More on the Tapes—*The Editors*
Last Rights—*Peter Steinfels*
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You can find it on line 8 of your Federal income tax form. By checking this box (and one further down on your return) you advise the IRS to put aside $1 or $2 of your taxes—for use in a special bi-partisan Presidential Election Fund. Help put an end t big political gifts. Make yourself a "power in Presidential politics. Check line 8.

Check this box on your Federal Income Tax Return. (Both boxes if you and your spouse are filing a joint return.)

If you didn't use your check-off privilege last year—you have another chance this year. Check this box also. (Both boxes on a joint return.)

Form **1040** **US** Department of the Treasury—Internal Revenue Service **Individual Income Tax Return** **1973**

For the year January 1–December 31, 1973, or other taxable year beginning ..... , 1973, ending ..... , 19 .....

Please print or type

Name (If joint return, give first names and initials of both) | Last name | COUNTY OF RESIDENCE | Your social security number

Present home address (Number and street, including apartment number, or rural route) | Spouse's social security no.

City, town or post office, State and ZIP code | Occupation: Yours ▶ / Spouse's ▶

Filing Status—check only one:
1 ☐ Single
2 ☐ Married filing joint return (even if only one had income)
3 ☐ Married filing separately. If spouse is also filing give spouse's social security number in designated space above and enter full name here ▶ _____
4 ☐ Unmarried Head of Household
5 ☐ Widow(er) with dependent child (Year spouse died ▶ 19)

Exemptions — Regular / 65 or over / Blind
6a Yourself ☐ ☐ ☐ Enter number of boxes checked ▶
b Spouse ☐ ☐ ☐
c First names of your dependent children who lived with you _____ Enter number ▶
d Number of other dependents (from line 27) ▶
7 Total exemptions claimed ▶

8 **Presidential Election Campaign Fund.**—Check ☐ if you wish to designate $1 of your taxes for this fund. If joint return, check ☐ if spouse wishes to designate $1. **Note:** *This will not increase your tax or reduce your refund.* **See note below.**

Please attach Copy B of Forms W-2 here

Income

9	Wages, salaries, tips, and other employee compensation. (Attach Forms W-2. If unavailable, attach explanation)	9	
10a	Dividends (See instructions on page 6.) $..... 10b Less exclusion $..... Balance ▶	10c	
10d	(Gross amount received, if different from line 10a . . . $.....)		
11	Interest income	11	
12	Income other than wages, dividends, and interest (from line 38)	12	
13	Total (add lines 9, 10c, 11, and 12)	13	
14	Adjustments to income (such as "sick pay," moving expenses, etc. from line 43)	14	
15	Subtract line 14 from line 13 (adjusted gross income)	15	

- **If you do not itemize deductions and line 15 is under $10,000, find tax in Tables and enter on line 16.**
- **If you itemize deductions or line 15 is $10,000 or more, go to line 44 to figure tax.**
- CAUTION. If you have unearned income and can be claimed as a dependent on your parent's return, check here ▶ ☐ and see instructions on page 7.

Tax, Payments and Credits

16	Tax, check if from: ☐ Schedule D ☐ Tax Tables 1–12 ☐ Schedule G ☐ Tax Rate Schedule X, Y, or Z ☐ Form 4726 OR ☐ Form 4972			16
17	Total credits (from line 54)			17
18	Income tax (subtract line 17 from line 16)			18
19	Other taxes (from line 61)			19
20	Total (add lines 18 and 19)			20
21a	Total Federal income tax withheld (attach Forms W-2 or W-2P to front)	21a		
b	1973 estimated tax payments (include amount allowed as credit from 1972 return)	b		
c	Amount paid with Form 4868, Application for Automatic Extension of Time to File U.S. Individual Income Tax Return	c		
d	Other payments (from line 65)	d		
22	Total (add lines 21a, b, c, and d)			22

Balance Due or Refund

23	If line 20 is larger than line 22, enter **BALANCE DUE IRS** (Check here ▶ ☐ , if Form 2210, Form 2210F, or statement is attached. See instructions on page 8.) Pay in full with return. Make check or money order payable to Internal Revenue Service ▶	23	
24	If line 22 is larger than line 20, enter amount **OVERPAID** ▶	24	
25	Amount of line 24 to be **REFUNDED TO YOU** ▶	25	
26	Amount of line 24 to be credited on 1974 estimated tax ▶	26	

Write soc. sec. no. on Check or Money Order. Attach here

Note: 1972 Presidential Election Campaign Fund Designation.—Check ☐ if you did not designate $1 of your taxes on your 1972 return, but now wish to do so. If joint return, check ☐ if spouse did not designate on 1972 return but now wishes to do so.

Sign here

Under penalties of perjury, I declare that I have examined this return, including accompanying schedules and statements, and to the best of my knowledge and belief it is true, correct, and complete. Declaration of preparer (other than taxpayer) is based on all information of which he has any knowledge.

▶ Your signature Date

▶ Spouse's signature (if filing jointly, BOTH must sign even if only one had income)

▶ Preparer's signature (other than taxpayer) Date

Address (and ZIP Code) Preparer's Emp. Ident. or Soc. Sec. No.

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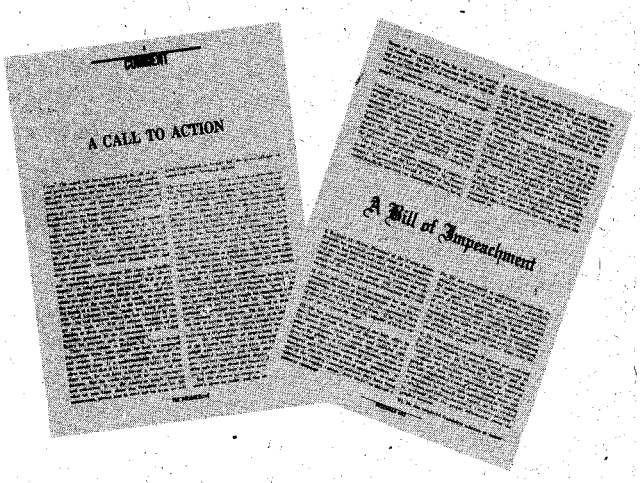
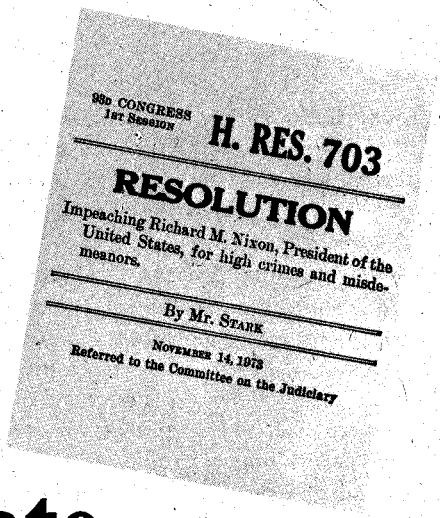


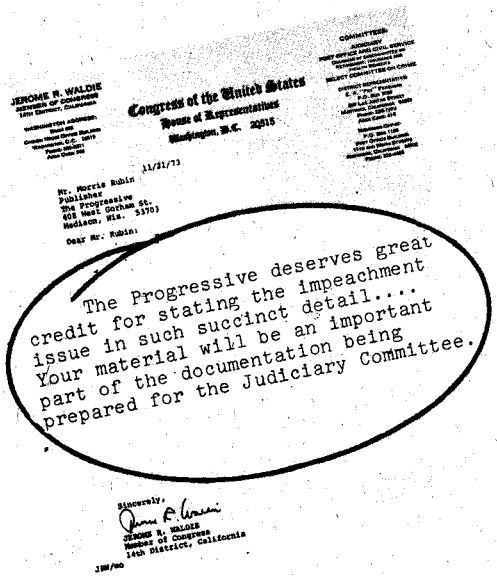
These editorials in a recent issue of The Progressive

were used verbatim in this Congressional resolution calling for the impeachment of the President


93D CONGRESS
1st Session
H. RES. 703
RESOLUTION
Impeaching Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States, for high crimes and misdemeanors.
By Mr. STARK
NOVEMBER 14, 1973
Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary

and continue to generate nationwide response...

including use by members of the House Judiciary Committee— for example:


JEROME R. WALDIE
Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515
11/21/73
Mr. Morris Rubin
Publisher
The Progressive
408 West Gorham St.
Madison, Wis. 53703
Dear Mr. Rubin:
The Progressive deserves great credit for stating the impeachment issue in such succinct detail.... Your material will be an important part of the documentation being prepared for the Judiciary Committee.
Sincerely,
JEROME R. WALDIE
Member of Congress
14th District, California
JRW/mo

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TRB

from Washington
March 2, 1974

Fertile Soil

I doubt if the public yet realizes the kind of drama before it if the House impeaches President Nixon. Here are the lines spoken on March 13, 1868, in the US Senate.

The Chief Justice (Salmon P. Chase): "The sergeant-at-arms will call the accused." The sergeant-at-arms: "Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, appear and answer the articles of impeachment exhibited against you by the House of Representatives of the United States."

The chamber is jammed. The black-robed Chief Justice, escorted to his podium by a committee of senators and facing the seven "managers" (prosecutors) and the entire House of Representatives intones, "Make proclamation!"

The sergeant-at-arms: "Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons are commanded to keep silence while the Senate of the United States is sitting for the trial of the articles of impeachment exhibited by the House of Representatives against Andrew Johnson. . . ."

One rubs one's eyes. Is this possible in 1974? These are the actual spine-tingling words uttered on that fateful day. One has to read them, I think, to make this incredible scene come alive. Will William Wannall, the inconspicuous present-day Senate sergeant-at-arms from Montgomery County, Maryland twice repeat his tremendous summons to "Richard Milhous Nixon to appear and answer" the House charges?

This possibility can no longer be dismissed. The present betting is, I think, three to one that the House Judiciary Committee will recommend impeachment. It will hand down articles that put a broad interpretation on that ambiguous phrase "high crimes and misdemeanors." And the House itself? Most people here would say, I think, that it's a toss-up.

But the vote is not today, it's three or four months off, after the Rodino committee's report, after the three pending grand juries make their reports, after the probable new White House confrontation with Special Prosecutor Jaworski, after the prospective public testimony of that lethal witness with the choir boy face, John W. Dean III.

The brutal fact is that a large part of the nation and a majority of Congress would very much like to get rid of President Nixon, and substitute Jerry Ford, if they only knew how. The anxiety of House Republicans approaches panic. Barry Goldwater sees a 10 percent drop in Republican support if Mr. Nixon remains in office without raising his standing in the polls. That could be a loss of 70 GOP House seats—a holocaust. Democrats last week captured the "safe" House seat in Michigan left vacant by Ford which Republicans have held since 1911. It changed America's political climate. "Watergate killed us; I don't know of anything else," despairing Michigan Republican chairman William McLaughlin exclaimed. "I'm sure we'll win," said House Minority Leader Rhodes before the election, "but we must win big." They lost. The public is speaking up about Watergate.

House impeachment will probably depend on how many Republican members join the expected Democratic majority. They can pass the buck if they want. They can argue that they seek to send the issue to the Senate to give Mr. Nixon a "fair trial"; the House will merely indict, let the senators say "guilty" or "not guilty"! It is probably the safest thing for many representatives.

We're lucky the reckless passions of 1868 don't inflame the present crisis. Enemies of President Johnson charged that he participated in the plot against Lincoln. Squint-eyed Ben Butler of Boston, one of the most despicable demagogues America ever produced, charged on the House floor (March 3, 1868) that President Johnson got "into an open barouche with two abandoned women, roaring drunk, and rode up and down Pennsylvania Avenue. . . ."

Whether then or since, the great bulk of constitutional students conclude that the Founding Fathers meant just what they said in giving the broadest grounds for impeachment. "Acts that undermine the integrity of government" is the catchall definition that the Association of the Bar of the City of New York puts on it, and the Olympian Charles Evans Hughes once wrote that "according to the weight of opinion, impeachable offenses include, not merely acts that are indictable, but serious misbehavior."

Meanwhile in another battleground here it remains to be seen whether the Department of Agriculture, which arranged the Great Grain Robbery with the Russians in 1973, hasn't come up with a more serious blooper, a massive fertilizer shortage. Nobody doubts that we are going to have a bumper corn and wheat harvest this year. But this may not be enough. After a generation of paying American farmers not to raise crops the administration responded to the abrupt world food crisis by removing restrictions on acreage, including some 40 million last year and 20 million this year. But it made no arrangement for more fertilizer. An enormous amount is needed if the price of wheat, which has jumped from $1.75 to six dollars a bushel, is ever to come down, or if the world's poor nations are to be fed.

How much fertilizer? For city people it's hard to appreciate. Imagine a 100-car train made up of 100-ton hopper cars. The train will handle 10,000 tons and as it rolls through the lonesome prairie night it will be a mile long. A boy watching the engine pass and counting cars will wait three or four minutes for the caboose. The new acreage increase for 1974 alone requires 400 solid trainloads of this fertilizer. And the earlier acreage increase is yelling for fertilizer, too. The Fertilizer Institute lobby declares that they must have more gasoline and fuel oil and natural gas to make the nitrogen fertilizer, and that the administration is grossly underestimating their needs. City people want gasoline too, and the administration won't ration. Every development of this sort emphasizes again the amazing interconnection of the shrinking planet with its bounding population, and the disorder latent in the new age of scarcity. Morocco and Tunisia, two of the biggest producers of phosphate rock fertilizer, in mid-October jumped prices 183 percent! Foreign customers, says Edwin Wheeler for the Fertilizer Institute, are "literally tearing down the door to get American fertilizer." But there isn't enough. He is only the latest to note "the specter of starvation" in poorer countries.

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More on The Tapes

Special Watergate Prosecutor Leon Jaworski now has six of the original nine subpoenaed tapes of White House conversations, and investigations are underway to discover what happened to the other three. The White House says two of the three were never recorded, and the other contains the famous 18.5 minute buzz. It has given Mr. Jaworski "copies" of four other tapes bearing on the Watergate break-in and cover-up, and he has been allowed to listen to six additionally requested Watergate tapes to determine if their contents are, as the President's lawyers claim, not pertinent to this investigation or too sensitive for release. Based upon these 17 recordings and other evidence in hand, Mr. Jaworski on January 9 asked for copies of 25 (later boosted to 27) more White House conversations in order to complete the Watergate phase of his inquiry. "There is reason to believe," Mr. Jaworski said, "that each of the [27] conversations is material to a particular facet of our investigation."

Last week in this space—without then knowing of the forthcoming White House rebuff of Mr. Jaworski—we identified two sets of taped conversations that could shed light on two phases of the Watergate affair. They were June 23, 1972 conversations between the President and his then-staff chief, H. R. Haldeman, relative to whether the CIA was used to delay the FBI investigation of the Watergate burglary; and conversations of January 3 and 4, 1973, which may have dealt with offers of executive clemency to Watergate defendants. Now we go on to five other tapes that may still be in the White House and are apparently being withheld by the President.

March 17, 1973 meeting between the President and John Dean. The subject again may be money demands of E. Howard Hunt, who was scheduled to be sentenced on March 23. Shortly before he was due in court, Hunt met with Paul O'Brien, a lawyer for the Nixon reelection committee and contact between the defendants and White House counsel John W. Dean III and John Mitchell. Hunt told O'Brien that he wanted money to pay his legal fees and, according to Hunt's Watergate testimony, "I would very very much like to have the equivalent of two years subsistence available to [my family] before I was incarcerated. . . ." Hunt then added what some construe as a threat: "And I put it to Mr. O'Brien that I had engaged as he might or might not

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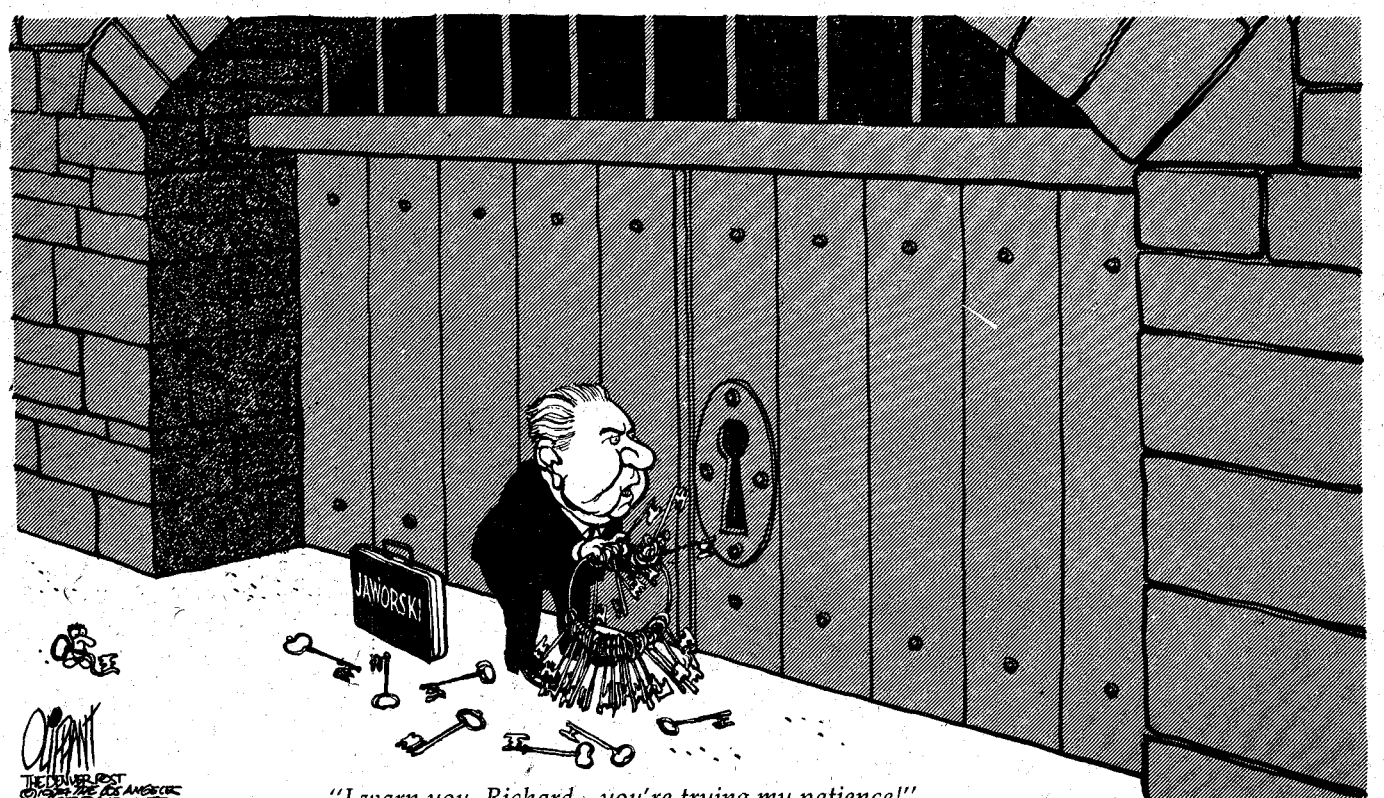
know, in other activities which I believe I described as seamy activities, for the White House . . . The context of such reference was that if anyone was to receive benefits at that time . . . I should receive priority consideration." O'Brien replied he would deliver that message to Dean, but he also suggested Hunt speak to the President's special counsel, Charles W. Colson, who had brought Hunt into the White House. On March 16, a week before he was sentenced, Hunt met with Colson's law partner, David Shapiro, and gave him the same message and the same implied threat.

Beginning March 13 the President met during five straight days with John Dean and discussed Watergate. Dean says that on March 13 he told the President about Hunt's request to O'Brien, and they discussed the money already paid the defendants. Again by Dean's word, the President said he had previously met Hunt's request for assurance of clemency. The President has denied that any conversation about money for defendants took place March 13, placing it instead on March 21. He has always denied giving any assurance of clemency.

On March 17 the President and Dean met alone in the Oval Office for 45 minutes. Dean says nothing of major importance came up. A summary of the White House version of this meeting, however, indicates Watergate was thoroughly discussed. It also notes: "Dean told the President of the Ellsberg break-in but that it had nothing to do with Watergate." Since that conversation occurred when Hunt was using his participation in "seamy activities"—among them the Ellsberg break-in—as a lever to get money, is it possible that Dean raised the subject in connection with the Hunt fund request? On that question alone this particular tape would be valuable. But it has further import. The President maintained that March 17 was the first time he learned of the Ellsberg psychiatrist break-in. His response to Dean's disclosure might illuminate the President's subsequent position that the Ellsberg burglary involved national security.

Something that happened in one of those March 13 to March 17 meetings between the President and Dean caused Dean to refuse Hunt's demands for payment. Instead he suggested to O'Brien that John Mitchell authorize it. Mitchell did and, on March 20, $75,000 in cash was delivered to Hunt's lawyer, William Bittman.

March 27, 1973 meeting between the President and John Ehrlichman. The President has steadfastly maintained he first learned about Watergate and the cover-up on March 21 and thereafter "personally assumed the responsibility for coordinating intensive new inquiries into the matter and I personally ordered those conducting the investigations to get all the facts and to report them directly to me right here in this office." Dean has testified that after his March 21 presentation, the President did nothing but encourage the cover-up. On March 23 Judge John Sirica read a letter in open court from James McCord, one of the convicted Watergate defendants in which McCord said there was perjury at the Watergate trial and that the men responsible for the break-in were still free. So by March 27 the President certainly had some indication, other than from Dean, that a cover-up was not imaginary. According to Ehrlichman on March 27 the President gave him a list of questions for Attorney General



"I warn you, Richard—you're trying my patience!"

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Kleindienst, and that he called Kleindienst the next day. The transcript of that conversation shows the President wanted Kleindienst to know "that the best information he had and has is that neither Dean, nor Haldeman nor Colson nor I nor anybody in the White House had any prior knowledge of this [Watergate] burglary." The President did not instruct Ehrlichman to tell Kleindienst anything Mr. Nixon had learned about payments to the defendants. Did the President discuss with Ehrlichman giving that information or keeping it hidden? The March 27 tape might tell us whether Mr. Nixon was trying to get the facts to the prosecutors, or trying to keep track of what facts the prosecutors themselves were getting.

It would also be worthwhile to have the Ehrlichman recording of his Kleindienst conversation checked to see if parts have been erased. At several points in the transcript, twice where the discussion is about John Mitchell, it is marked "inaudible." Some tape experts believe that a recording of a telephone conversation—which travels over a wire and not through the air—cannot go inaudible of itself.

April 14, 1973 meetings between the President and Haldeman and Ehrlichman. The cover-up was wearing thin. Beginning in early April John Dean through his lawyers was communicating with the Watergate prosecutors. Also Ervin committee investigators, working with information provided by James McCord, had by then nailed down the fact of meetings attended by Mitchell in late 1971 and early 1972 at which G. Gordon Liddy, one of the convicted Watergate conspirators, had outlined a political intelligence plan that later led to the Watergate break-in.

Ehrlichman telephoned Kleindienst on April 12 to inquire about who grants immunity in federal cases and to state that the President did not want immunity granted to any principal in this affair. That week Jeb Magruder, who had been Mitchell's deputy at the reelection committee and a direct participant in Watergate and the cover-up, decided to cooperate with the prosecutors. He met with them the morning of April 14 and later that afternoon went to the White House to tell Ehrlichman what he had told the prosecutors. That same morning Mitchell came to the White House apparently at the President's request. He met with Ehrlichman. What happened is only partially known. Ehrlichman—an old enemy of Mitchell's—said the former Attorney General refused to acknowledge any complicity in Watergate. That afternoon Dean told Haldeman and Ehrlichman that the prosecutors were looking into *their* activities.

The President held three long sessions with his two trusted aides on April 14, one of them for more than two hours in the morning and preceding Mitchell's arrival. They met again for an hour and a half after Mitchell had left and apparently before Magruder arrived. They met again for another one and a half hours beginning at 5:15 pm, after Magruder had left. Tapes of those three meetings should indicate whether or not the President wanted to get the facts into the open. Remember that three weeks had gone by since Mr. Nixon had been given the supposed new information on Watergate and the cover-up from John Dean—information that had not yet been made public.

April 15, 1973 telephone call between John Ehrlichman and L. Patrick Gray III. One tidbit John Dean had given the prosecutors in his quest for immunity from prosecution was that acting FBI Director Gray had documents from Hunt's safe that he withheld from the prosecutors. On the evening of April 15, after John Dean had departed the White House following his evening meeting with Mr. Nixon, Ehrlichman and Haldeman joined the President in his EOB office. The White House insists that the EOB office recording system had run out and failed to tape the meetings that night. But the separate EOB telephone taping system, which ran off the White House switchboard, apparently was still working. Ehrlichman says he telephoned Gray in the President's presence to ask about Hunt's documents. That call was taped, though Ehrlichman and Gray disagree about their conversation. According to Ehrlichman, Gray planned to deny he had received the documents and asked Ehrlichman to back him up. Ehrlichman says he talked to the President about it, then called Gray back to say that he, Ehrlichman, would have to confirm that the documents *had* been given to Gray since the transfer had taken place in Ehrlichman's office.

Gray remembers two calls that evening of April 15, both "less than 15 seconds each." In the first Ehrlichman said only that Dean had been talking to the prosecutors "and we think you ought to know about it." In the second call, according to Gray, Ehrlichman said Dean had talked about turning over Hunt's files, to which Gray replied he had destroyed them. The tapes could disclose something of Ehrlichman's intent that evening—was it to cover up or open up what was going on? Gray's response might also reveal something about the President's standards for his key appointed officials. If Ehrlichman is correct and acting FBI Director Gray wanted him to lie to hide the document transfer, it would be a measure of the President that he did not immediately ask for Gray's resignation

COMING: Walter Pincus traces the White House plot to get the Pentagon papers "conspirators"

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but rather waited until the matter became public. Even then Mr. Nixon decided to wait for Gray to resign—after which the White House put out the story that he had been fired.

April 25 and 26, 1973 meetings between the President and Haldeman. According to Secret Service records 22 White House tape recordings of March 1973 meetings between Mr. Nixon and John Dean were given to presidential aide Steve Bull on April 25. Bull turned them over to Haldeman who testified he listened only to one tape covering the conversation between the President and Dean of March 21, which the President had asked him to review. Haldeman says he then went over his notes with the President in the latter's EOB office. The President asked him to listen to the conversation a second time, since "some questions" remained. Only the President, Haldeman and two other White House aides plus the Secret Service then were aware of the taping system. Tapes of Nixon-Haldeman discussions about review of the March 21 conversation, Haldeman's subsequent report and the President's response should clear up what Mr. Nixon wanted clarified and for what purpose.

On January 22, 1974, 13 days after Mr. Jaworski's request for the 25 tapes, the President's lawyers asked for a statement "of particularized need" for each tape sought. Those statements, plus similar statements on two additional presidential conversations, promptly went to the White House. Thirteen days after *that* letter from the President's lawyers, Mr. Nixon's special counsel, James St. Clair, wrote Mr. Jaworski that Mr. Nixon had decided no more tapes would be turned over; to do so would be against the public interest and damage the integrity of the presidential office. Four days later Mr. Jaworski agreed that no more tapes would be sought for the Watergate phase of his inquiry. He made it clear, however, that he would continue to press for other tapes related to other aspects of his investigations.

Finally, on February 13, Mr. Jaworski got a decisive "no"—no more Watergate tapes or any others. The special prosecutor thereupon sent a letter to the Senate Judiciary Committee, informing it and the public about "the status of our requests to the White House for evidence. . . ."

What next? As the above chronology illustrates, Mr. Jaworski is proceeding slowly, carefully laying the groundwork for subpoenaing the additional tapes. In view of the President's position that may mean going back to court, and perhaps all the way to the Supreme Court. The expected indictments by the end of this month of top Nixon aides for activities connected with the Watergate break-in or cover-up almost inevitably will lead to further demands that the relevant but withheld tapes be produced in court. One way or another—through Mr. Jaworski or the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment proceedings or the trials—the tapes will surface.

Suing for Truth

Under the terms of the Paris agreement signed in January 1973, the US pledged to supply the South Vietnamese regime only with "periodic replacements of armaments, munitions and war material . . . on the basis of piece-for-piece." These shipments were to be monitored by the International Commission of Control and Supervision, composed of Indonesia, Iran, Poland and Hungary, as well as by the Saigon government and Vietcong representatives on the Joint Military Commission. Therefore it seemed plausible to expect that the Nixon administration would also tell the American public what was being sent to Vietnam. But in November, when Rep. Les Aspin of Wisconsin asked for details on the supply operation, his request was rejected by the Pentagon on the grounds that the information was "classified and unauthorized disclosure would be injurious" to President Thieu's army. Once again the administration was using the "national security" cloak to shroud its activities.

Pressing the case, Aspin and Stanley Karnow of *The New Republic* wrote jointly, on February 1, to Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger in another attempt to obtain the information. They invoked the Freedom of Information Act of 1966, pointing out that the law places the "burden of proof" for withholding details on the administration. This time the Pentagon complied, and its response demonstrated that congressmen, journalists and other citizens can stir the bureaucracy through legal channels. Even so, the information provided still raises several questions.

The Pentagon document disclosed, among other things, that the US gave the Saigon regime some 80,000 aerial bombs of various sizes, nearly 112,000 2.75-inch rocket warheads and close to 27 million rounds of 7.62-mm. ammunition after January 27, 1973. But it does not specify the period during which these supplies were delivered, and that ambiguity suggests that other equipment may have been sent to Vietnam at different times during the past year. Nor has the Pentagon publicly itemized the vast quantities of material shipped to Vietnam between May 1972 and January 1973 under Project Enhance and Project Enhance Plus, two programs designed to fortify the Saigon government to the teeth prior to the cease-fire accord. It is known from unofficial sources that the South Vietnamese were given large numbers of aircraft during the months before the Paris agreement was signed, among them more than 200 A-37 bombers and 150 F-5A fighters, the latter "borrowed" urgently from Iran, Taiwan and South Korea. The Saigon government received so many airplanes, in fact, that many have been relegated to warehouses for lack of pilots. The F-5As are due to be replaced in the weeks ahead by F-5Es, a more sophisticated model, and that move appears to violate the stipulation in the Paris agreement that permits equipment to go to Vietnam only on a

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"piece-for-piece" basis. With all this, moreover, the administration has yet to explain why it is building up Thieu's capacity to wage war when, as President Nixon has so often repeated, we have achieved "peace with honor" in Vietnam.

In a recent article from a Vietcong-held area in Binh Dinh province, *New York Times* correspondent James Markham reported that the Saigon government continues to shell sectors of Vietnam mercilessly. His report makes clear that the war is still going on and that by supporting the Saigon regime's military effort with hardware, the US is still involved in Vietnam in a very lethal way.

Words and Deeds

Last Valentine's Day the President unburdened himself at the dedication of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Miami. *The New York Times* reported that he looked "tan and rested when he appeared on the platform after a tour of the hospital." After telling the crowd about his health insurance proposal, the President turned to a competing bill introduced by Sen. Edward Kennedy, calling it "an easier way" that would "increase the taxes, throw the private health care system out and let the government do it all." He then explained in homely fashion why he felt this way: "When I go to a hospital, or when I call a doctor, I want that doctor to be working for the patient and not for the federal government, and that is what this is all about."

But there is only one Nixon physician we hear about, the one who performed a complete check-up (with great ballyhoo over the fitness of the presidential mind and body) the day before the Miami dedication. The doctor is Walter Tkach, a major general in the air force and like the President, a salaried government worker. And the hospital that Mr. Nixon uses is nothing so private as the Cedars of Lebanon. It is the federal government's Bethesda National Naval Medical Center in Maryland.

Training People To Do Needed Work

There are noticeable shortages of medical and dental paraprofessionals, computer technologists, television mechanics, appliance repairmen and a wide range of trained technicians for whom the demand is growing steadily. Most of these jobs pay reasonably well, call for at least a year of highly specialized training, but do not require a college degree. Neither, according to Labor Department projections, will about 80 percent of the jobs opening up during the 1970s. But although more youth are currently choosing not to go on to college, their alternatives seldom include a rewarding career in one of these rapidly expanding technical fields (often called "emerging occupations"). Most young workers who enter the job market straight from high school have few marketable skills. Even when the economy is booming they suffer very high unemployment rates—in the range of 15-18 percent. When they find jobs their earnings are low: one-third make under two dollars an hour. The fact that many young workers change jobs so frequently may reflect a natural and constructive exploration of career opportunities; more often, however, young workers simply go from one low-paying, low-skilled job to another, without acquiring useful job experience or training.

Courses in vocational education now provide most formal job training for noncollege-bound youth. Each year vocational classes instruct almost 10 times as many people as all federal manpower training programs combined. Nearly 10 million youth are enrolled in publicly supported vocational programs, and that total is growing at the rate of one million a year. Another 3.3 million annually contract for training in over 10,000 private trade schools, at costs ranging from $350 to $2000 a course. Public occupational instruction is not available to all who need it, however. The General Accounting Office estimates that over one-third of the young people *presumed* to need vocational education do not receive it. (The presumption of need applies to all youth not entering college.) In some school districts there are not enough facilities to go around and waiting lists are long. But the GAO notes a low student opinion of vocational education, especially in large cities. Regarded as the dumping ground for below average students, vocational courses are seen as leading to "second class" jobs.

While sounding snobbish, this impression is not altogether unjustified. Vocational students *are* different from students in nonvocational classes. According to Office of Education surveys, the vocational group is disproportionately from blue-collar, noncollege-educated families. At the high school level vocational students to not score as well on standardized aptitude tests as "college preparatory" students.

While followup studies of vocational students are too incomplete to provide much direct information on their job experiences, we know that most of them have been trained in fields with only fair to poor job prospects. Of the dozen vocational programs that enroll more than 100,000 students a year, only two—accounting and data processing—are in well paying fields with rapidly growing job opportunities. (A sharply increasing demand for auto mechanics has been projected, but the forecasts explicitly do not take account of continued energy shortages.) Agriculture and homemaking—which comprise more than a third of

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all vocational enrollments—do not appear related to employment opportunities at all. Most of the others are either in fields of slow employment growth (retail sales and drafting, for example) or in occupations with lower-paying jobs (secretaries, typists, office machine operators).

Because outdated programs are seldom abolished, they continue to drain away already scarce vocational funds. Moreover in the absence of cooperative arrangements with local industry, many schools have difficulty finding vocational instructors qualified to teach the specialized technical courses. The expense of the equipment also limits course options: most individual schools can support only two or three different programs.

Attracting larger student enrollments from a wider area, regional high schools and junior colleges can provide a variety of occupational training programs. Community colleges have significantly broadened their vocational offerings in recent years, and enrollments at the post-high school level are expected to double by 1977. The new post-secondary programs are primarily in high growth technical and medical occupations. But the proliferation of private technical schools and vocational correspondence courses is one glaring indication of the unsatisfied demand for occupational training. According to the Federal Trade Commission's division of consumer education, private courses to train computer programmers and technicians have grown especially fast in the last few years, though several other "emerging occupations" are not far behind. By permitting recipients of federal student loans and GI benefits to enroll in private vocational programs, the government has given them a boost.

Unfortunately there is virtually no government regulation of private training institutions and quality varies considerably. While some provide good training and place their graduates in skilled jobs, the "career industry" is virtually an invitation to fraud. The FTC, which is investigating complaints against 400 private trade schools, doesn't know how many of the programs are phony. It has found, however, that the schools that train secretaries, mechanics, business machine operators and other "less glamorous" professions have the best track records.

Last August the commission began an extensive nationwide campaign to alert potential students to some of the most common deceptive practices of these schools. It has sent booklets to every high school, state employment agency and military base in the country, describing some of the more extravagant sales pitches that have tricked other students in the past. Students are urged to ask would-be employers what they think of a particular training course and whether they have ever hired its graduates.

Even if tighter government control over private trade schools succeeds in eliminating the crooked ones, major improvements in public vocational programs will still be needed. One promising approach to expanding training opportunities in the high growth technical fields would make grants available to vocational students to "purchase" on-the-job instruction from employers in these trades. As proposed by Harvard economist Martin Feldstein to the Joint Economic Committee last year, these "youth employment scholarships" would supplement the wages of young workers during the period of training, giving employers more incentive to hire and train them. Feldstein argued that employer reluctance to hire youth for skilled jobs is often justified on economic grounds. During the training period when young workers are not very productive, employers incur losses which they may never recover because their young employees are likely to leave once they've been trained.

While initially advocated for youth seeking their first full-time jobs, the Feldstein plan could be adapted to current "cooperative" programs between schools and industry that arrange part-time job experience for students. To keep employers from taking advantage of the students as a source of "cheap labor," the school vocational staff would need to ensure that *bona fide* training positions are subsidized by the scholarships. Feldstein has estimated that to provide *all* young workers with an average scholarship of $1500 would cost about two billion dollars; a similar program for vocational students needing only part-time training should require considerably less.

Progress toward reforming vocational education has been very gradual. In 1968 Congress attempted to change the priorities of vocational programs through more extensive earmarking of federal funds primarily for special courses for disadvantaged and handicapped students (according to the GAO, the targeted money often went for such unauthorized purchases as equipment to be used in regular vocational courses). Though vocational appropriations have increased steadily since then, only trivial amounts have gone for research, innovation and for experimental efforts like the cooperative programs.

This spring both the House and the Senate will hold hearings on vocational education. The Nixon administration has indicated that, in keeping with its revenue-sharing principles, it will press for further decentralization of the programs. But vocational education is already very decentralized: states and localities currently provide about five-sixths of the total funding. As the bulk of the state and local money is concentrated on the tradition-bound high school courses, substantial reductions in federal control would lessen any incentives toward change.

Mary Eisner

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Rubbing Heath and Wilson Together Doesn't Start a Fire

British Electioneering

London

It was going to be the most bitterly fought, the most divisive general election in years, declared Fleet Street in finger-lickin' anticipation. Some of the newspapers even editorialized on the atmosphere of violence, and on the need for politicians to set the community a good example by behaving in a dignified fashion on the hustings. They need not have bothered. We are in one of the most tediously boring campaigns in living memory, more like Warren Harding against Neville Chamberlain than round three of Battling Harold Wilson versus Terrible Ted Heath.

The puzzling thing is the failure of either the Labour or Liberal parties to snatch the initiative from the Tories and to fight the campaign on their own ground. The political landscape is littered with combustible material, but no fires have been lit. Mr. Heath, smug and smiling, presents himself as a crisis manager. He knows that when the going is rough the British tend to turn to the Conservatives:

> *And always keep a hold of Nurse*
> *For fear of finding something worse.*

What Harold Wilson has so far not been able to get across to the voters is that Heath himself created the larger part of the crisis he wants to manage. Heath, in short, is the arsonist in the fire brigade. Yet he manages to keep the play away from Labour. In particular he has applied the armlock of moderation to stifle and hinder his critics. Labour, he says loftily, has surrendered to the extremists and the militants, so the exchanges between the party leaders turn into a more-moderate-than-thou competition. That is disheartening for the most activist of the Labour party workers who certainly want nothing to do with moderation if it means going back to the style of the 1964-70 Labour administrations. Socialism is high on their agenda.

It helps the Tories, of course, to have the miners on strike during the election campaign. Urban voters are slightly fearful of those dark little men in their isolated communities who spend their lives hewing coal beneath the ground. They are an alien kind and the rhetoric of their spokesmen is an older, more passionate strain than that adopted by the social democratic politicians with their Oxford backgrounds and their love of statistics. Mr. Heath was so worried that the miners might suspend their strike during the election that he took the most effective step open to him to ensure that they did not: he wrote the miners' leaders a letter appealing to their good sense and patriotism and urging them to return to work. The rules of the electoral game then permitted him to challenge Wilson to do what he had made impossible. By such means Mr. Heath was able to stick to his line that the British are "sick to death" with extremists of all kinds. Mr. Wilson wriggled and squirmed but seemed incapable of extricating himself from the dilemma. He did manage one coup, however, by persuading the train drivers to call off their intermittent strikes until after polling day. But many observers thought that the damage to Labour's cause had been done already, and that the trainmen had deeply antagonized London's suburban commuters.

Labour's initial failure—all the more dangerous because of the brevity of the campaign—was to get other issues, like the lowering balance of payments crisis, the government's lack of foresight in the energy crisis, their pig-headedness and taste for confrontation with the trade unions, the Common Market and the soaring cost of living to the forefront of the election. Day after day Mr. Heath confidently pounded away at his chosen theme; day after day Wilson trailed behind, unable to dictate the issues.

One crumb of comfort for Labour has been the extraordinary role reversal of the opposing leaders. Heath has been behaving just as Wilson did in 1970, when he personalized the campaign, kept controversy at a minimum and hoped to coast to victory on the merits of his own personality as leader of the nation. He failed, though the opinion polls showed Wilson as the frontrunner throughout the 1970 contest. This time, with Heath doing the nation's leader bit, the polls give him a clear lead. If Harold *and* the polls got it all so wrong last time, might not history be repeating itself in 1974?

It is difficult to rehearse the kind of government we could expect in Britain if Labour were to win. Already there are signs of that fatal caution that scarred the previous administrations: their willingness to be dictated to by the Bank of England and the International Monetary Fund and their readiness to throw their social programs overboard in the cause of financial orthodoxy. The emphasis is too much on the decade or more that it would take to implement promised reforms, too little on the opportunities for social justice that could flow from a radical redistribution of incomes. Labour is an honest political party with a desperate talent for airing differences in public. It is a kind of strength, but it doesn't help them win elections.

Peter Paterson

Mr. Paterson *is assistant editor of the* New Statesman.

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The Nixon Watch

Plugging Away

The President resumed his usual and munificent mode of travel when he flew from Washington to Florida for five days of sun and work at his home on Key Biscayne and back to Washington by way of Huntsville, Alabama and Indianapolis. There was no more of the economy that he displayed after Christmas, in a rather silly show of leadership in the fuel shortage, with a flight to California on a commercial airliner and return to Washington on a small air force plane. Then a great point was made of requiring White House assistants and other officials to shuttle between Washington and San Clemente on commercial aircraft. Locally obtained motorcars were used by the President and his staff at San Clemente and when he and his party drove across the mountains to Palm Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Nixon flew to Florida with a sizable staff in the magnificent Boeing 707 that I call Air Force One and that he calls The Spirit of '76. One of the President's Lincoln limousines was flown in a military cargo plane to Miami, then to Huntsville and then back to Washington. When Gen. Alexander Haig, the President's staff chief, suddenly wanted two White House lawyers in Florida, they were flown there and back to Washington and Boston in a military plane. When Julie Nixon Eisenhower fell sick in Indianapolis and entered a hospital for surgery, a military jet flew Mrs. Nixon and Rear Adm. William Lukash, the assistant White House physician, from Florida to Indianapolis. David Eisenhower went from Washington to Indianapolis in another military passenger plane. When the Nixons returned to Washington with Julie and David Eisenhower aboard Air Force One, a helicopter transported the family from Andrews Air Force Base to the White House. Nineteen large, black and chauffeured Chrysler sedans from the White House fleet awaited other passengers from Air Force One. Four of the cars were for Alabama's Democratic senators and two of its Republican congressmen who had traveled north with the President. The other 15 Chryslers were for White House assistants. The 19 cars were parked quite a distance from the President's plane and, when they moved together toward it with headlights shining in the dusk, they resembled a clutch of crawling, luminescent beetles.

The White House press corps was in a poor position to object to this exercise in conspicuous consumption at a time of shortage for most people. The usual press plane wasn't chartered by the White House transportation office for the post-Christmas expedition to California. When I noted then that reporters, cameramen and technicians assigned to the White House beat got a useful lesson in arranging their own air passage, hotel rooms and hire cars, I flattered both the White House establishment and the White House press. Everything but a chartered plane was arranged as usual for the media in California and was welcomed as usual. For the Florida trip the White House transportation staff first chartered an airliner that was just big enough to accommodate the 76 working professionals who signed for the journey. A clamor arose for space enough for the family dependents who usually infest press charters on the Florida and California trips. The employers of the working passengers pay on a pro-rated basis for the plane and accompanying services at rates substantially higher than first-class fares. Dependents travel at drastically cut rates ($75 for the round trip to and from Florida, $150 to and from California for adults; $25 for children). The harried transportation staff finally found an available airliner big enough for workers and their loved ones, costing at least $1000 more than the smaller plane would have cost. As it happened 22 wives, one husband and 15 children, aged one to 17, were packed into the press plane with the working passengers—"like sardines," chief transportation officer Ray Zook said, overlooking the fact that sardines don't cry and occupy toilets. One of the parental beneficiaries of this system, emerging from the press plane at Andrews AFB with his wife and young son in tow, literally choked up with outrage when he saw the 19 Chryslers. He growled that the spectacle was OBSCENE! He was right, but in the circumstances I managed to restrain my dander.

Mr. Nixon was trying to tell the country something with his return to what for him is travel normalcy. He was saying that he wasn't scared anymore or anyhow wasn't going to act as if he were scared. Not of Watergate and its dreadful effects upon him as a person and a President. Not of the energy crisis, with the political effects of its impact upon most Americans. When he chose or needed to travel, he was going to do it in presidential style (as I've written and continue to believe he should, maybe keeping those 19 Chryslers out of sight). What was seen during the recent days of rest and travel was a facet of the varied effort to demonstrate that Richard Nixon is confident of himself and his future, determined to serve out his second term and prepared to see the developing impeachment process all the way through House committee and floor consideration and, if need be, through trial in the Senate. Getting around among his White House people to the extent I can, I find absolutely no indication or admission that his determination is any other and any less that he says it is. Occasional glimpses of the President at the White House and the sight of him during two speeches on the recent trip make it impossible to believe that he is as confident of survival in office as he says he is and as the few associates who are enough with him to have a useful judgment say he tells them he is. This President appears to me to be a tortured man, intermittently close to collapse, not physically as healthy as his principal physician, Maj.

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Gen. Walter Tkach, said he was after putting him through a delayed examination before he went to Florida. The President had a tan that looked as if it were real at the beginning of his four full days in Florida. At the end of the stay, much of the daytime part of it spent strolling and sitting and talking in the sun with his friend and neighbor, Charles G. (Bebe) Rebozo, the tan had deepened. But something in the total look of the President seemed to me to attest a pain, a weariness, a state of body and mind that could result only from illness that Dr. Tkach says isn't there or from a subtler toll of the pressures that beat upon Richard Nixon. The toll is the kind the President reflected when he spoke in his fifth state of the union address of "a new effort to replace the discredited President" and corrected himself. He'd meant to say and finally said "discredited present welfare system."

Mr. Nixon told us how he wants to appear to be, and perhaps how he believes himself to be, when he visited the Lincoln Memorial and spoke of Abraham Lincoln on his birthday, February 12. "No President in history," this President said, "has been more vilified during his time in the presidency than Lincoln." Mr. Nixon recalled that people who knew Lincoln well wrote that "he was very deeply hurt by what was said about him and drawn about him, but on the other hand Lincoln had that great strength of character never to display it, always to stand tall and strong and firm no matter how harsh or unfair the criticism might be." Perhaps more than for anything else, President Nixon said, President Lincoln was admired for his "poise under pressure." At Huntsville on the following Monday, legally though not actually George Washington's birthday, the President again portrayed himself as he wants to be perceived when he addressed crippled Gov. George Wallace and a crowd, mostly of friends, that exceeded 20,000 and could have run to 40,000. The attempt at persuasive and suggestive portrayal came when the President said with typically confused syntax: "The American people are not a nation of quitters. We are a nation that will keep fighting on until we, as Winston Churchill once said, speaking in another context, he said, 'We did not journey all this way across the centuries, across the oceans and across the mountains and across the prairies because we were made of sugar candy.' " Apart from whatever good the President's appearance at Huntsville did him, Gov. Wallace's appearance usefully instructed journalists and others who may harbor the notion that he has an active national future despite his shattered spine. Watching him worn and wasted in his wheelchair and being lifted in visible agony to the microphone for a few words of welcome to the President, it was hard to believe that George Wallace can ever again campaign for national office or greatly influence the campaigns of others.

In Miami, dedicating a new hospital wing and promoting his revised national health insurance proposals along with the message that his survival in the presidency for three more years is essential to the peace of the world, Mr. Nixon showed himself as he really is under the stress of Watergate. How he appeared in nationally televised snatches, I don't know. To me in his audience, standing within 50 feet of him, he seemed to be under remarkable control and in peril of losing control. An invited audience of some 2000 friendlies sat immediately in front of and on each side of him. His only truly public audience consisted of about 250 people in the street in front of him and beyond the roped enclosure. Perhaps 50 of these people were friendly. Two hundred were loudly and cruelly hostile. Many of them carried "Impeach Nixon" signs and chanted, "Impeach Nixon Now." He hated it and them. He had to look at their signs only when he faced straight ahead or to his left. Mostly he looked to his right, his face tight and drawn beneath the tan, occasionally gripping the podium with his hands in a discernible spasm of repressed reaction.

Before the President left Florida his assistants and lawyers had to deal twice again with the White House tapes issue. Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski told the Senate Judiciary Committee that the President had refused to deliver 27 requested recordings of White House conversations. The President's chief Watergate defender, James St. Clair, said in an explanatory statement that the requested tapes and documents had been and would continue to be withheld because their surrender wouldn't importantly assist the Watergate prosecutions and would gravely breach presidential confidentiality. A *Washington Post* report suggesting but not actually alleging that two previously subpoenaed and surrendered White House tapes were possibly altered copies and not originals, as a court had been told, sent Mr. Nixon's chief assistant, Gen. Haig, up the wall in a condition of pointless and exaggerated rage that indicated the extent of paranoia, frustration and fear behind the White House facade of confidence. While damning and denying the *Post* report, Haig took occasion to say that a defective recorder had caused an 18-minute gap in a crucial tape. A day earlier Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler had said nobody at the White House knew what caused the gap.

Mr. Nixon left Florida, stopped in at Huntsville and flew to Indianapolis to retrieve his daughter Julie from the hospital on the day when a Democrat was winning a congressional seat held by Republicans for 63 years and by the new Vice President, Gerald Ford, for 25 years. At Huntsville, hours before this devastating news was known, the President tried to boost the spirits of some 30 Alabama Republicans in a private chat. "You keep plugging away," he told them, "and I'll keep plugging away, and we'll all be all right." He wants to believe this. Maybe he does.

John Osborne

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Who Pays the Price?

Solzhenitsyn

The Soviets thought they were making a shrewd tactical move in deporting Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, but one may ask if they measured accurately the real costs over the long run. They began by removing from their midst the man whose voice and works had become a hard flame refracting the spectrum of Soviet dissent, depriving him of the moral strength he derived from disputing the abuse of power on his native soil, making him in their eyes a prophet truly without honor in his own country. By exiling him to the West, where he can live in public peace on the royalties from his books (reputedly in the millions), and by promising to let his family join him, the Kremlin thought it would minimize the outrage that would flow from free countries and from foreign Communist parties if it sent him to the prison camps or psychiatric hospitals through which most of its dissidents pass. Washington's first reactions confirmed the Soviet estimate: the White House refused to comment, and Henry Kissinger noted that détente is based on the need to prevent nuclear war and "does not reflect approbation of the Soviet domestic structure." He may have intended to forestall critics by saying that Solzhenitsyn would be welcome in the United States, but he left himself open to attack by saying candidly, "We do not know enough about the circumstances of the departure of Mr. Solzhenitsyn and the only problem that we have seen here is the extent to which our human, moral and critical concern for Mr. Solzhenitsyn and people of similar convictions should affect the day-to-day conduct of our foreign policy." In Kissinger's mind the answer was clearly, "Not at all."

The novelist's expulsion will, of course, strengthen the hand of Sen. Jackson and others who question President Nixon's kind of détente. The Soviets have probably already written off any hope that the Congress will give them most-favored-nation trading status or any other benefit from foreign policy flexibility that Nixon has demanded. The Solzhenitsyn case may reinforce Western determination to tie the outcome of the dragging European Security Conference to greater freedom for people and ideas to cross borders, but the Soviets can always point to the writer's departure as an example of their acquiescence to the Western demand. If foreign Communists protest that the Kremlin has reaffirmed its subservience to Stalin, the Soviets can note the difference between exile and execution and shrug.

It is in domestic affairs that the costs may outweigh the benefits in the long run—both in the official Soviet Union and in the other Russia that sometimes seems to occupy the same space, like Solzhenitsyn's description of the labor camps as an archipelago in the Soviet ocean, melting together to form a continent in the interstices of the official continent.

For one thing the expulsion marked a significant change in the Soviet effort to maintain a facade of legalism as a shield against the return of indiscriminate Stalinist terror, where the law was no more than the secret police said it was. This facade may seem a farce to Westerners, with its rigged trials and its constant exceptions to rules about the treatment of suspects, but it is important to the Soviet Union of the Brezhnev era. In the case of Solzhenitsyn the authorities threatened him with a treason charge that would have been hard to prove even under their own rules, rather than with violating either of the laws dealing with lesser "anti-Soviet" activities, presumably to weaken his resistance to the idea of exile. To deport him the Kremlin had to do something that its laws do not allow and to bend its administrative rules for a political purpose. That makes it doubly appropriate that Solzhenitsyn was the first prominent Soviet citizen deported from the Soviet Union against his will since Stalin exiled Leon Trotsky in 1929. Stalin demanded a Politburo vote on the expulsion of his enemy, according to Isaac Deutscher's biography of Trotsky, and won his majority despite the screaming, weeping and sobbing of Nikolai Bukharin. One wonders at what level Solzhenitsyn's expulsion was approved. Trotsky was forcibly carried by sled and train through the winter snows from Alma Ata in central Asia to Odessa on the Black Sea, with soldiers guarding the port against the possibility of popular demonstrations, and was then taken to Turkey on a ship with no passengers except his family and his guards, and no freight. Solzhenitsyn was taken from his wife's apartment on Moscow's main street, kept in prison overnight, then put aboard a commandeered Aeroflot flight to Frankfurt with a crew of KGB guards. Life is simpler in the 1970s.

Trotsky was deported under a law repealed in 1958, which called for expulsion of an enemy of the people from Soviet territory—a punishment seen as harsher than imprisonment, not lighter. This law was seldom used, according to a 1939 Soviet legal text quoted by the exiled expert Valery Chalidze, because it would be ineffective if applied to "counter-revolutionary elements . . . and only transfer their criminal activity to another location." In any case it was repealed. But Soviet administrative practice allows the presidium of the Supreme Soviet—the collective body that is technically head of state—to deprive a person of his citizenship by decree. Solzhenitsyn was the first person known to be deprived of citizenship while still on Soviet territory and then deported as an undesirable alien, though several have been stripped of citizenship after going abroad "voluntarily," among them the writer Valery Tarsis in 1966; Svetlana Alliluyeva, Stalin's daughter, in 1970; Chalidze, a physicist and civil rights advocate, in 1972; and Zhores Medvedev, a biologist and critic of the regime, in 1973. Joseph

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Brodsky, the poet now teaching at the University of Michigan, and Alexander Yesenin-Volpin, a mathematician now teaching at Boston University, left under threats but were officially classified as part of the stream of Jewish emigrants. (Jews going to Israel are required to renounce their Soviet citizenship.)

In his novels about the Stalin prison camps, in his un-Marxist epic of World War I, in his protests against police tactics, in his Nobel Prize lecture and his interviews with Western correspondents, in the documentation of Stalinist terror in *The Gulag Archipelago*, Solzhenitsyn became the symbol of Soviet dissent. That may have made the KGB think he was the head of it and that exiling him was like lopping off the head. But Solzhenitsyn had no wish to be head of anything other than his family, and Soviet protest has never been a single organized movement; its members have at least a score of conflicting goals from pure communism to monarchy and theocracy, and it has been in disarray since the authorities started cracking down in 1971.

The KGB miscalculation was shown by several events after Solzhenitsyn was deported. The most spectacular was the public defense of *The Gulag Archipelago* by Yevgeny Yevtushenko, who had long seemed transformed from an angry young man to opportunist laureate. Yevtushenko told Western correspondents in Moscow that a scheduled broadcast of a concert based on his poetry had been canceled because he sent Brezhnev a telegram expressing "my anxiety about the fate of the writer and also about how this might affect the prestige of our motherland." In an open letter he went to the root of the matter by giving examples of the ignorance of Soviet youth about the extent of Stalin's crimes. A more peculiar response to the exile of Solzhenitsyn came from the Novosti Press Agency, usually considered a KGB front. It circulated to foreign newsmen and diplomats a collection of letters published in the Soviet press denouncing Solzhenitsyn. Among them, mysteriously, was a translation of a letter in which Lenin protested the exile of Russian workers by the tsarist government by administrative means, without trial.

More predictable, at least to outsiders, was an appeal signed by 10 dissidents that showed that the KGB still has not taken the last head. It demanded the publication in the Soviet Union of *The Gulag Archipelago* and the secret police archives of the Stalin era, and the opportunity for Solzhenitsyn to return and work. Among the signers were Andrei Sakharov, the nuclear physicist who is the best known dissenter remaining in Moscow; Pavel Litvinov, grandson of the late Soviet foreign minister, who was exiled to Siberia for publishing records of the trials of earlier dissenters; Anatoly Marchenko, author of *My Testimony*, a book about the prison camps of the 1960s; Larissa Bogoraz, exiled to Siberia for her own demonstration against the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia; and Vladimir Maximov, the best "underground" writer after Solzhenitsyn, who faces exile abroad himself.

What the KGB did do was silence, at least temporarily, one of the three voices that had given Soviet dissent a new intellectual depth since the crackdown reduced its numbers and accessibility. The voice of Solzhenitsyn is a voice for Christianity, for rule by the intelligent (not for democracy), for a rediscovery or reconstruction of the purity of the Russian soul. Roy Medvedev, a historian who believes that Stalin betrayed Lenin's good intentions (yet he praised *The Gulag Archipelago* despite Solzhenitsyn's insistence on blaming Lenin for Soviet terror), speaks for a combination of socialism and democracy that "will allow the creation of the most just human society." Sakharov, who in 1968 advocated convergence of the best in the Soviet and American systems, now sounds like a Western liberal; he disagrees with Medvedev over the desirability of the Nixon-Brezhnev version of détente. The three-way debate was an example of *glasnost*, the free discussion that is one of the few things on which all Soviet dissidents agree, and the authorities were no doubt delighted to cripple it.

The Soviet authorities probably found pleasure in the prospect that in the West Solzhenitsyn will be discovered as occasionally arrogant and ignorant rather than a perpetual saintly hero. They probably found pleasure in remembering his refusal to go to Stockholm to receive his Nobel Prize in 1970 because he feared that exile from Russian soil would kill him as a writer. The precedents are mixed. Turgenev wrote his masterworks abroad. Bunin won a Nobel Prize in exile and was silent after he returned home. Yevgeny Zamyatin defied Stalin almost as sharply as Solzhenitsyn defied today's rulers, and his remarkable novel *We*, like most of Solzhenitsyn's works, was published only in the West. Zamyatin was allowed to go into exile in Paris at his own request in 1931 and wrote much but published little before his death in 1937. Joseph Brodsky has continued to write poetry since his arrival in the United States in 1972. On learning of Solzhenitsyn's fate he said, "In exile, one remains a writer—if one is a writer." Then perhaps remembering how in *The First Circle* Solzhenitsyn called exile a form of spiritual castration, Brodsky added, "For the Soviets to exile Solzhenitsyn is an act of self-castration."

Solzhenitsyn himself anticipated Brodsky's thought long ago in a short story called "Matryona's Home," which may be the best in post-Stalin Russian literature. It is about a man who completes his sentence in a prison camp in Soviet Asia and seeks a teaching job in European Russia. He is assigned to a place called Torfoprodukt (Peat product). The story is bitterly apropos to both the novelist and the Soviet leaders after exiling Solzhenitsyn:

Torfoprodukt? Turgenev never knew that you can

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> put words like that together in Russian. . . . Over the settlement hung smoke from the factory chimney. Little locomotives ran this way and that along narrow-gauge railway lines, giving out more thick smoke and piercing whistles, pulling loads of dirty brown peat in slabs and briquettes. I could safely assume that in the evening a loudspeaker would be crying its heart out over the door of the club and there would be drunks roaming the streets and, sooner or later, sticking knives in each other. This was what my dream about a quiet corner of Russia had brought me to. . . . When I could have stayed where I was and lived in an adobe hut looking out on the desert, with a fresh breeze at night and only the starry dome of the sky overhead.

The narrator boards with Matryona, a woman always busy helping her collective farm, her relatives, her neighbors, always truly and modestly productive. She is killed in an accident. The story ends:

> She was misunderstood and abandoned even by her husband. She had lost six children, but not her sociable ways. She was a stranger to her sisters and sisters-in-law, a ridiculous creature who stupidly worked for others without pay. She didn't accumulate property against the day she died. A dirty-white goat, a game-legged cat, some rubber plants. . . . We had all lived side by side with her and never understood that she was that righteous one without whom, as the proverb says, no village can stand.
>
> Nor any city.
>
> Nor our whole land.

Anthony Astrachan

MR. ASTRACHAN *was* The Washington Post *correspondent in Moscow for two years.*

Oil Profits

Where the Loot Goes

Sure, the oil companies are making a bundle from the "energy crisis," but what have they been doing with the profits? Taxpayers are entitled to ask that question, since they are subsidizing those profits to the tune of roughly four billion dollars a year, through three major concessions in the income tax laws.

First there's the percentage depletion allowance that permits anyone having an interest in an oil well (even the landowner who takes no risk) to enjoy 22 percent of his oil income entirely tax-free. Then there's the privilege of *immediately* deducting so-called "intangible drilling expenses" that, under ordinary rules, would have to be spread over the life of the oil well. And there is the foreign tax credit that permits oil companies (and all others operating overseas) to reduce their *taxes owed* the US by one dollar for each dollar paid to a foreign government, in contrast to treating these taxes-paid as a business expense and subtracting them from taxable *income*, as is done for example with state taxes. The tax *credit* saves the oil companies one dollar for each dollar paid out; the tax deduction would save them only 48 cents on the dollar.

The current revenue loss to the US Treasury from percentage depletion is estimated at $2.6 billion; the "intangible drilling" deductions cost an estimated $800 million a year. There are no firm estimates on the cost to the Treasury of the foreign tax credit, as it pertains to the oil industry, but experts put it at hundreds of millions—perhaps over a billion.

We are told that the oil companies need these subsidies if they are to go on searching out new oil fields, especially in sheik-free America, where the supplies will be "dependable." But has the oil industry been using the tax dollars for domestic exploration? Not altogether. An increasing share of their capital investment has been invested abroad. What's more, the oil industry has devoted a growing share of its investment dollars to projects quite unrelated to the discovery and development of new oil supplies.

For example between 1958 and 1969 exploration expenses (that is outlays for finding new oil fields, as distinct from developing already discovered fields) rose from $400 million to $655 million abroad—a 63.8 percent increase—while exploration outlays at home rose 11.5 percent—from $650 million to $725 million. By 1969 the oil companies were spending 38 percent of their investment dollars overseas, up from 30 percent in 1964. If they had held to the 30 percent figure, in 1969 alone they would have spent nearly a billion dollars more at home than they did. They would have doubled the $725 million they did spend on domestic exploration.

The tax-sheltered profits have also been funneled into ventures that have nothing to do with oil; for instance new chemical plants, which, while extending the companies' control over another aspect of the energy industry (petrochemical products, mainly plastics), contribute nothing to new oil discoveries. Overseas, oil company investments in such plants rose sevenfold—from $85 million in 1958 to $735 million in 1969. Domestically, the industry's chemical plant investments went up from $125 million in 1958 to $575 million in 1969, during which time domestic exploration investments rose by only 11.5 percent ($400 million to $655 million). In the light of current fuel shortages, not to mention antitrust considerations, the oil companies would have done better to leave petrochemicals to others and spend more of their profits on finding and producing more oil. There are other oil

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company investments that are even less related to oil: Shell's multimillion dollar real estate investments in Houston, or Gulf's Reston, a model "new town" near Washington that at one time had $46 million of Gulf money in it. And there are the oil firms' motel enterprises in Europe—none of which contribute to the President's goal of self-sufficiency by 1980. The oil companies argue that they are no different than other enterprises; their profit dollars follow the path of greatest return. Fair enough. But why should we be giving the industry tax-sheltered dollars just so it can put them into European motels or Houston real estate?

We have here a graphic example of the wastefulness of using the tax system to create "incentives." It helps explain the conclusion of a Treasury-commissioned study in 1969 that found that the depletion allowance alone was costing the taxpayers $1.5 billion annually, yet was responsible for producing added oil reserves of only one-tenth that amount. That is a "benefit-cost ratio" of one to 10.

There are several reasons for this gross inefficiency: 23 percent of the depletion benefits derive from foreign oil properties (where drilling is much less risky and is highly profitable) and contribute nothing to domestic reserves. An added 17 percent go to "nonoperating" interests (landowners) who do not drill for oil. Sixty percent of the tax benefits go to the 35 largest oil companies; only 20 percent go to the small explorers who need the most help.

The depletion subsidy, with its demonstrated 90 percent waste factor, would have a tougher time in Congress if it were a directly appropriated subsidy, instead of being buried in the tax laws. Its currently estimated annual price tag of $2.6 billion would then show up as a line item in the President's budget, more than one-fourth of next year's $9.4 billion deficit. This would give the oil industry's subsidy a visibility that the tax laws now hide. The dollars leak out of the Treasury, all right—that is plain from Texaco's paying 1.7 percent and Gulf Oil's paying 1.2 percent taxes to the federal government in 1972.

There is another difference between a tax subsidy and a directly appropriated subsidy. In the latter case there must be annual scrutiny by hard-bitten appropriations committees and a debate. And if Congress were to do what comes naturally (namely, nothing) the subsidy would stop for want of an affirmative vote. The opposite is true of a tax subsidy: in the absence of congressional action to change the tax law, it remains in force, regardless of new circumstances, effectiveness or justification. That partially explains the durability of the depletion allowance that, despite drastic changes in oil technology, has suffered only one significant change in the 46 years since it was enacted. The tax drain is not only continuous, it gets larger as oil prices rise.

Wisconsin's Sen. Proxmire, among others, has suggested revising the tax incentives to encourage domestic exploratory drilling—replacing the depletion allowance with a tax credit for drilling expenses on exploratory wells. That would be an improvement, but the better answer is to abandon the use of the tax system as an incentive device and substitute a directly appropriated subsidy tailored to specific needs (*e.g.*, reimburse part of the cost of domestic exploratory wells). That way Congress and the public would have a prompt accounting of cost and effectiveness. If it were to prove ineffective, or if the energy picture were to change, Congress could cut out the subsidy by failing to renew it.

Philip M. Stern

More Oil Profits

The Industry Outlook

Anyone with a gallon of 55-cent gasoline in the tank now suspects the oil industry is profiting at his expense, which has long been true because of various tax credits, as Philip Stern describes in an accompanying article. Things look grim for oil. But I suggest that when the shouting has died down oil may come out a winner.

The multinational oil corporations are rapidly becoming middlemen for the oil producing nations, merely doing the bidding of the sheiks and the shah, and in due time they may have to phase out their international operations. What then? Come home to America, that's what. Make your bundle in the USA. How? First, get the price up. That already has been accomplished. A year ago, the average per barrel price of domestic crude was about $3.50. Today it is $6.50 and going higher, despite congressional rollback proposals. Oil at $6.50 a barrel, to use estimates of the Treasury Department, will boost profits of the 22 largest oil firms from nine billion dollars in 1973 to about $10.7 billion in 1974.

But what if Congress tightens up on those tax credits? Consider several possibilities. The White House favors what it calls a windfall profits tax, which really is an excise tax on crude oil profits. Whatever the correct description, many congressmen—including Wilbur Mills—would couple that tax with a requirement that the oil companies plow back most of their "windfall profits" into new exploration and development. If they did, the companies might then pay little or no additional tax on those profits. Because the companies already are planning to boost such investments, this seemingly tough suggestion is pretty much of a farce. Then too the White House and Mills favor a new investment credit to spur domestic exploration. Again this might leave the corporations better off than be-

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fore, since they are planning to boost exploration in any case.

The White House would eliminate the depletion allowance that oil gets for overseas operations. This politically sexy idea is academic because the companies don't take such allowances. They don't because they have a "golden gimmick" in the form of tax credits they get for taxes and royalties paid abroad. This gives the oil firms a fat credit against their US income taxes, and also leaves them, as Mr. Stern points out, with excess credits to invest elsewhere (Gulf recently bought Ringling Brothers). The White House now thinks the foreign tax credit should be tightened; but Secretary Shultz concedes his Treasury experts can't figure how much this might cost the industry because no one can figure out how the accountants might handle, or get around, the tightened tax provisions.

There's rising sentiment to eliminate the industry's domestic golden gimmick, the depletion allowance. It was cut in 1969 from 27.5 percent to 22.5 percent, and some industry executives charge that this reduction resulted in reduced development in this country. The more realistic assessment is that the allowance never has done what it is supposed to do—spur domestic production. Somewhat surprisingly, there are fresh rumors that the industry won't fight too hard to keep this credit. Arco (Atlantic-Richfield), the fourth largest domestic producer, already has called for an end to the depletion allowance, saying repeal would give oil a better public image and isn't needed. But suppose the allowance were repealed; the industry might pay up to two billion dollars in additional taxes annually—almost as much as the profit increase it will realize this year from $6.50-a-barrel oil. And since the administration thinks the proper price level is seven dollars, to make oil compatible with alternate energy sources, the industry might earn more than ever before.

If the international oil firms do lose their highly profitable overseas bases, they will lose volume unless they can make it up some other way and in some other place. That other place is almost certain to be America and the other way is investments in other forms of energy—coal, shale, uranium. They also will have to make more money from marketing. Marketing to a large degree means selling gasoline and motor oil in service stations, and here the major oil companies already have scored. For years the majors battled independent stations for business, and until recently the independents were doing well. By selling gasoline from three to six cents less per gallon, they boosted their share of the market from 10 percent in 1960 to about 25 percent in 1972. But with the dawn of the fuel shortage last year, the independents found it more and more difficult to get gasoline, and several thousand independents have gone out of business. Meanwhile some of the majors have started their own chain of "independents" (with different brand names) and have closed some of their less efficient brand-name stations in a broad restructuring of marketing systems, selling more gasoline and less service.

While the oil industry was shortsighted (deliberately?) in not foreseeing the sharp rise in energy demand, it was farsighted enough to begin diversifying, becoming not oil corporations but energy corporations. That diversification is about to pay off. The initial diversification was into natural gas, and the price of this fuel is almost certain to rise steeply in the coming years. This will be especially true if the industry, with administration support, persuades Congress to deregulate interstate gas prices. Meanwhile the Federal Power Commission is doing what it can to drive up interstate gas prices by a series of decisions involving new-found gas. Oil companies today own about 20 percent of the nation's coal production and four of the top 10 coal companies. Coal is in greater demand than ever, and prices are moving up. Again a plus for the diversification scheme. Big oil companies own more than 55 percent of the nation's uranium reserves. The oil giants have been dabbling in oil shale lands for years and now hold almost 250,000 acres of private shale land in Colorado and Utah. Extracting oil from shale holds great promise, and when the government opened up one federal shale land tract for bid it was two oil giants that won the lease—Standard of Indiana and Gulf. When these alternate forms of energy come to market they will be drilled, processed and sold by oil firms.

It will cost a lot of money to bring alternate energy sources to the marketplace. Industry no doubt will spend quite a few million, but in all this research and development it has a friend: the federal government. Mr. Nixon's new budget calls for $1.5 billion in energy research and development spending in fiscal 1975; most of this will be spent on private contracts on which oil will be bidding. And the White House stands by oil in other ways. William E. Simon, the energy chief, likes to talk of "federal seed money" to help produce new forms of energy like oil from shale or synthetic crude oil made from coal. In his latest energy message, the President ordered Simon's agency to study "financial or economic incentives or regulatory changes that may be needed to stimulate" production of synthetic fuels. Oil will do all right while waiting for these fuels to become competitive.

What if in the next few years, as government and industry push ahead with "Project Independence," Nixon's program to make the country self-sufficient in energy, the Arabs, Iranians, Nigerians, Venezuelans and Indonesians decide to drop the price of oil to rock bottom levels. Do oil prices tumble at home, too, and do we forget about Project Independence? Such a switch would hurt the domestic energy industry. But even now we are getting the answer: We will push ahead with energy independence. How will we keep all that cheap foreign crude out of the US? Through a

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system of variable oil tariffs that are simply import duties set at a point high enough to make sure that imports are slightly more in price than the domestic product. In one interview Secretary Shultz remarked that "we as a nation are not for free trade in oil, despite what economists used to believe, and we might as well say so."

A final plus for oil in the coming months is the fragmented character of American politics and national policymaking, which—as Columbia University assistant professor Robert S. Gilmour writes in the Academy of Political Science proceedings—traditionally ignores interconnections among basically related issues. "While the Atomic Energy Commission and the congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy go about the business of making atomic energy-production policy, executive mining agencies and congressional mining subcommittees proceed to write mining legislation, specialized and disparate environmental bureaus and congressional committees develop environmental policies, etc." To further complicate matters, 50 uncoordinated state policymakers regulate various energy-related activities and rates, sometimes frustrating the intent of national law but often assisting private energy companies.

What the oil industry fears most are moves by Sen. Henry Jackson to federally charter energy companies and have a government representative sit on their boards, and by Sens. Adlai Stevenson and Warren Magnuson to create a federal corporation to explore, drill, process, refine and market oil and gas from federal lands—thus giving private industry a true competitor and enabling the public to learn for the first time the true costs of the business. But such proposals, valid as they are, at the moment have slim chance of enactment.

Robert W. Dietsch

What Can We Do About Inflation?

by Louis J. Walinsky

This is a hell of a time, I know, to seek attention for a fresh approach to the problem of inflation. Who is interested? After five years of an administration that made curbing inflation its number one domestic priority and a surfeit of Nixon's, Shultz's and Stein's confident promises, glib forecasts and disastrous outcomes, after enduring the "classic cure" of a recession intentionally induced by tight fiscal and monetary policies, and after waiting out a long period of phased direct wage and price controls, only to see prices explode in 1973 to a degree unmatched since immediately following World War II, the American people numbly realize they are in for it, and that even higher price increases must be expected into the indefinite future. Frustrated and angered, the question people ask themselves has got to shift from "What can the government do about inflation?" to "If more inflation is inevitable, how can I protect myself, and the devil take the hindmost?" This is one reason why we stand poised today on the verge of an inflation far worse than any in current history. I intend to examine why this is so and to explore the choices we have for dealing with it.

While the consumer price index rose by some nine percent in 1973, wholesale prices climbed on average at twice that rate. Since these must be reflected in consumer prices, this is a clear indication that substantially higher consumer prices are on the way. The skyrocketing prices of basic commodities in spot and future markets are even more dramatic signals. Wheat and soybeans at over six dollars per bushel, beef on the hoof at 49 cents the pound, potatoes over 12 cents, sugar over 18 cents, cotton about 70 cents, cocoa at 65 cents—such producer prices range from two to several times their levels of a year or two ago, and the end is not in sight. Silver commands nearly six dollars per ounce, gold $150. Land values, and those of "name" paintings, jewelry and precious stones have risen to incredible levels. They all play an important role in the psychology of expectations and contribute to the feeling expressed by a man I know: "Money is going out of style."

The influence of continued oil and energy shortages

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will of course be with us for years to come. The prospect of huge budget deficits fired during the late 1960s by the Vietnam war stretches out into the indefinite future, not least because we have learned to fear economic stagnation even more than we fear inflation, hence "stagflation." The extremely high interest rates we fostered "to fight inflation" themselves contribute importantly to higher costs and prices, and long-term rates especially show little prospects of declining. Environmental concerns occasion us to curtail the use of high-sulphur fuels, and of offshore drilling and pipeline construction, which increase the cost of purer fuels, and limit overall output. At the same time the massive investments required to reduce pollutants will not result in additional output and will thus contribute to higher costs and prices (at the same time they improve the quality of life). The giant Russian wheat purchase, which contributed so much to soaring grain prices, was to be sure a one-shot affair. But it coincided with the virtual exhaustion of our surplus food reserves, which for a long time operated to moderate price increases. Further it now appears that the disastrous droughts and crop failures that have beset Asia and Africa in recent years may recur more frequently than in the past due to an observed southward shift in the monsoon on which their agricultures depend. The devaluations of the dollar have increased import prices and costs in the domestic economy. At the same time, by making exports cheaper and achieving a favorable balance of trade, they reduce the quantities of goods otherwise available on the home market, thus contributing again to higher prices. As everyone knows the concentration of ownership and production in most of American industry supports an administered price structure more likely to rise than it is to fall when production declines. Underlying all these influences is the population explosion that is currently adding some 90 to 100 million lives year by year to the world's population, all of whom need food, clothing and shelter, and adding to the vastly greater quantities of all goods and services needed to improve the intolerable living conditions of some one billion of the earth's present population.

"Everything costs so much, I'm glad I'm broke."

These are objective economic facts. When I turn to important subjective factors in the outlook for future prices, I must for considerations of space ask the reader to use his imagination when I suggest that *demoralization*—of workers, of consumers, of sellers, of government itself—will from here on out play an even greater role. This demoralization has to do with much more than just the course of prices. It reflects Watergate, pollution, runaway technology. It reflects the excesses and uglinesses of urbanization and slums and crime and noise and filth and drugs and corruption—the whole bit. One might say it reflects, for the first time in our national history, the loss of confidence that the future will be better for all of us. There is a growing sense that we have lost control, that things are going from bad to worse. All this conditions behavior. Workers care less and less about their jobs and job performance; some express their resentment in subtle sabotage. Productivity and quality decline. Consumers lose whatever sense of outrage they might once have had when faced with outrageous prices for goods and services. They begin to view them as ludicrous, respond with insecure laughs and shrugs. Since prices will obviously be higher next week or next month, why resist buying today? Sellers are subject to their own form of demoralization, as former limits on what the market will bear rapidly dissipate. And if today's inventories will in all likelihood be replaceable only at higher cost levels tomorrow, why not protect tomorrow's profit margins today? So far as government goes the Nixon administration stands in as great disarray on the price front as it does with respect to Watergate. It can scarcely wait to withdraw (as in Vietnam, "with honor"?) from the battle.

Prices reflect the economic relations within the society. If these relations—between workers and employers, among worker and employer groups, between creditors and debtors, workers and farmers, the working population and the retired, and so on—if these remained undisturbed by price changes, whether up or down, inflation (or deflation) would bother no one. Small changes, slow changes, are relatively easy to accommodate. But changes of some magnitude, which

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are concentrated within relatively short periods of time, disturb previously existing economic relations profoundly. They favor the interests of some groups in important degree; at the same time they injure the established interests of other groups already hard-pressed. At some point in the inflationary process, economic groups become variously aroused, protective, combative, aggressive. They gird themselves for political and economic battle to protect what they regard as rightfully theirs, or to enlarge what they consider their inadequate share. All prices are involved—the price of work (wages), the price of money (interest), the price of land and housing (rents), the price of risk-taking and management (profits)—for each price is someone's distributive share, someone else's cost. When the major economic groups in the society are aroused to this kind of struggle, rapidly spiraling prices—a galloping inflation—must ensue.

One cannot predict at what precise point so sharp a conflict will erupt. To me the reading is quite clear. One has only to listen to housewives waiting in line at the supermarket checkout counter, read of angry independent gas station and trailer truck operators, and consider the grim forecasts of trade union leaders about the kind of wage demands to anticipate in 1974, to sense the gathering storm. In my judgment we are close to the point now, if indeed we have not already passed it. (In 1949 the general price index in Brazil rose by 7.1 percent. From that point it drove inexorably upward in large though irregular annual leaps until, in 1964, general prices averaged nearly 50 times as much as in 1949. The annual inflation rate for 1964 exceeded 90 percent!) I don't mean to suggest that we shall necessarily repeat the experience of Brazil, or of other countries that have also undergone runaway inflations. I cite the Brazilian case to show what sort of experience, in the absence of intelligent countermeasures, is *possible*. If galloping inflation, then, is in near prospect, what sorts of choices do we have?

Another try at the "classic cure"—tight fiscal and tight monetary policy—is not one of them. These indirect controls work, to the limited extent they do, by hitting the weakest hardest. Housing construction, small businesses and state and municipal governments (and their services) are most adversely affected by scarce and high-cost money, while increased unemployment takes its most severe toll among the weakest sections of the working class—blacks, youth and the unskilled. They cannot effectively curb spending by giant corporations that generate the cash they need by raising prices and profits and huge depreciation cash flows. In any case while such policies might (conceptually) be appropriate in the earlier stages of a boom period, when they might moderate the pace of price increases with fewer adverse effects, they would constitute a major social surgery at this stage of the game, as even the President recognized in his state of the union speech.

It is worth considering whether there are not a number of selective measures which might, in combination, contribute significantly toward a price slowdown. In the oil and energy fields we could use allocations and rationing to stretch limited supplies more equitably. We might also place oil production, refining and distribution under regulation as a public utility industry as is the case with electricity and gas, although not coal. At the least we could set up, as Sen. Adlai Stevenson recommends, an equivalent to the TVA in oil, to create an economic yardstick on private industry operations and prices. In the case of major export crops like wheat and soybeans, where abnormally high foreign demand has forced prices up to levels that afford huge windfall profits to producers, we should institute export taxes to recapture the windfall, and use the proceeds to subsidize their domestic prices. (All producers would thus receive a weighted average of the export and domestic prices.) We might also (this would require acting in concert with industrial oil importing nations) impose export taxes on goods sold to oil exporting nations, and use those proceeds to subsidize lower oil prices here. We could lower the discount rate selectively, and require banks to set aside adequate credits for lower-cost lending to priority purposes such as nonluxury residential construction. We could enact much tougher consumer protection measures (quality controls, advertising claims, etc.) and enforce antitrust laws more vigorously to ensure that consumers got better value for their money. We might introduce curbs on installment credit, to reduce consumer demand. We could eliminate tax credits now accorded to investment, except in cases where new investment was urgently needed. We could foster the rapid extension of profit-sharing in collective bargaining agreements to temper wage demands and to make possible larger returns to labor without increasing wage costs.

All these measures have attractive aspects, and there is a good case for most of them now. For others however—installment credit curbs, investment tax credits—the timing may not be right because of their employment effects. Neither is a "stagflation" year, with its declining profit margins, a very good time to try to sell organized labor the profit-sharing idea. The possibilities of selective measures are thus promising but limited—too limited, and too late, to be adequate in the present situation.

In the opinion of many President Nixon's price control program failed because of the premature liquidation of the relatively tight Phase II wage and price controls, rather than because of a basic flaw in the controls idea. Would then a return to a Phase II equivalent work? One fatal infirmity in the Phase II controls was that farm prices were exempt. A second essential point is that if wage and price controls are to be accepted over a long period of time, groups whose incomes are

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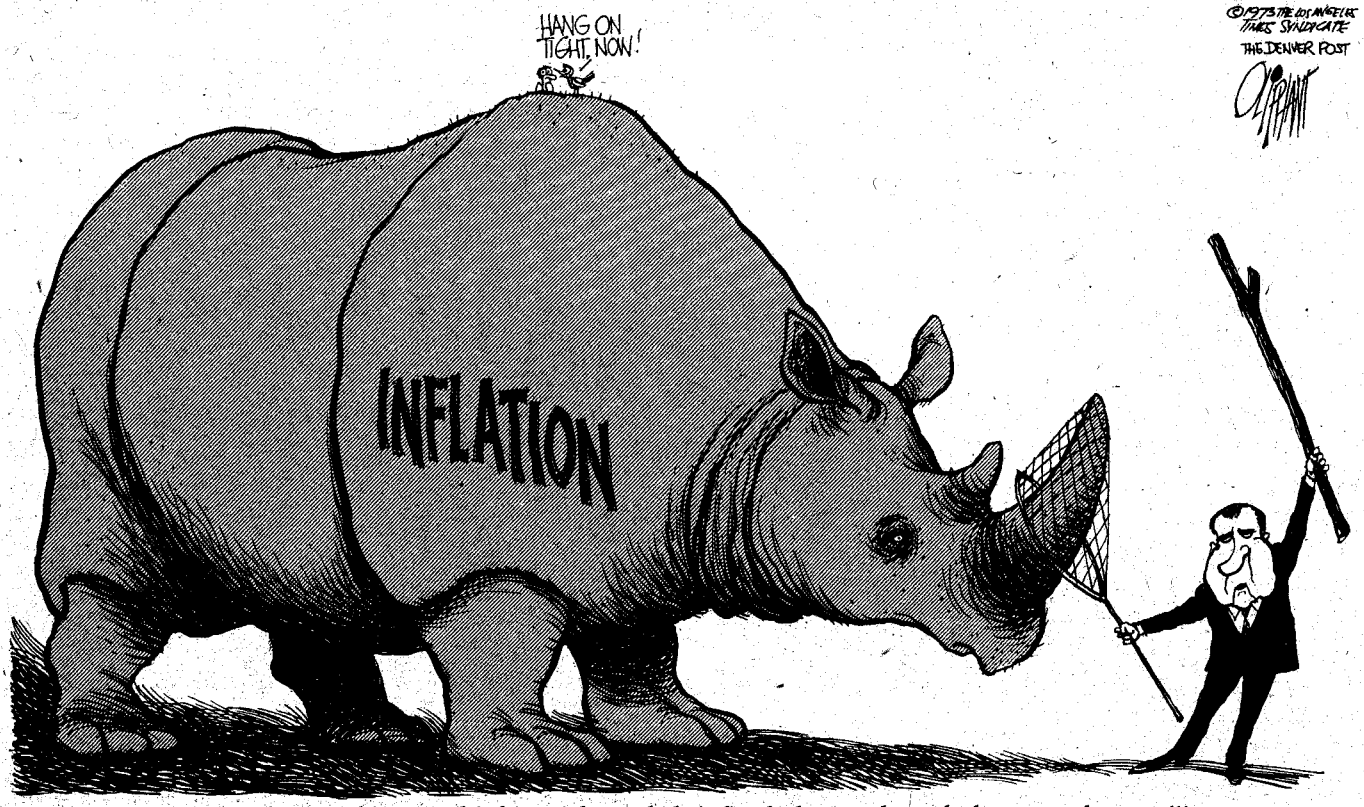
controlled must perceive that they are not sacrificing a great deal more than others. A control system must therefore a) affect all income receivers in roughly equal measure—meaning that it must apply to rents, interest, dividends, executive salaries and profits, as well as to wages and prices, and b) it must be flexible enough to permit the timely and adequate adjustment of the inequities that were frozen into the structure when the controls were imposed. Freezing incomes is easy; it requires only fiat. But living with the income relations that exist at any time is more than difficult—it is impossible. The controls required by a comprehensive *incomes* control system (for that is what it comes to) must inevitably go far beyond it (except in the case of a major war, when such controls are accepted *for the duration* of the emergency only). Such a system must inevitably extend through allocation, rationing and production and use controls to a fully planned national economy. This may well be the way the country (and the world) will inevitably go; it may also be the most desirable way to go. But are we ready for it? Bearing in mind that national planning always raises the questions *who plans what, for whose benefit*, are we ready to risk how these questions would be answered? I admit to great trepidation on this score, as well as on the simpler question of whether we are smart enough, and the more subtle question of whether we know what moral and social values we would want to build into a comprehensive planning system.

Inspired by the moderate success of housewife resistance to high beef prices in 1973, housewives in the Boston area alarmed by threats of one dollar per loaf of bread this year are organizing to strike again. We shall no doubt see many similar actions across the country as food prices continue to rise in the months ahead. It is tempting to speculate on how effective a truly well organized buying strike or slowdown could be, if most housewives participated and if their action were extended across the board to the entire range of consumer goods. Suppose for example that every housewife determined that for one full month she would buy only the cheapest foods in the minimal amounts necessary to get by, and deferred all postponable purchases, buying only those things absolutely essential for strictly current needs (baking, patching, repairing, sewing, etc. wherever possible). In this scenario stocks would swiftly pile up on retailers' shelves, retailers would cease to reorder, and the jam would soon backtrack to wholesalers, jobbers and manufacturers. Within a matter of weeks, pressures would build up enormously. Production lines would slow down and cease operations, workers would be laid off, and businesses all along the line would begin to experience unsustainable losses. Would not prices be forced down?

Indeed they would if one can accept the reality of the scenario. But if one can, how does one then envisage the companion scenario—that describing the effect of such a buying slowdown on the husbands and providers of all these households? Do they say, "Great work! Keep it up."? Or do they come home and say, "Look what you stupid women have done. You've cost me my job." In pitting against one another the disparate interests of the family in earning a living, and buying it, a major buyers' slowdown invokes a dangerously unpredictable outcome. One can of



"... Then, picking up this big stick, we belt it firmly but moderately between the eyes!"

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course think of what might be a more practicable alternative—namely a *rolling* buyers' boycott that would be selectively applied to only one commodity at a time. Thus housewives might strike first against beef, then poultry, then cereals, then fish, then clothing, then .... The danger of work layoffs would in that case be similarly selective and limited, temporarily severe for those affected, but not calamitous for the nation, and permitting those working to help out those temporarily unemployed. But if mobilizing a general buying slowdown is difficult, how do you organize people across the country to initiate and carry through so disciplined a maneuver as a rolling, selective series of boycotts?

Professor Milton Friedman has recently advised that we emulate the policy adopted by Brazil in 1967 of incorporating purchasing-power escalator clauses into all important monetary contracts, to correct or compensate them for price changes. Thus in addition to the well-known cost of living clause in wage contracts, similar adjustments would be made in the interest paid on bank deposits, on government and business loans and so on. Personal exemptions under the income tax, and tax brackets, are similarly "corrected." So also is the book value of business plant and equipment, thereby permitting larger allowances for depreciation and reducing the amount of profits on which taxes would be paid. "A world of zero inflation," says Friedman, "would obviously be better. Yet . . . with it [the monetary correction] they [Brazil] currently experience less economic distortion from a 15 percent inflation than the US, without it, experiences from a 9 percent inflation." Consequently "it is past time that the US applied the lesson."

It is true that monetary corrections, applied across the board to all monetary contracts and price relations, would greatly reduce, if not eliminate, the changes in economic relations which, as I pointed out earlier, create such havoc and generate such group conflict, when prices change abruptly. And if only those relations were reasonably equitable *to begin with*, a comprehensive system of monetary correction could undoubtedly make even a high rate of inflation tolerable, and by that token minimize the group price-income conflicts that constitute the inflationary spiral. However what the good professor did not mention in reporting on the Brazilian "miracle," were two facts of more than negligible importance. First that the economic relations prevailing in Brazil are such as to keep the majority poor in a state of bondage (studies of income distribution there suggest that the poor are even worse off now, after years of spectacular economic growth "successes," than they were before); and second, that to enforce continuation of this "miracle" and prevent recurrences of the violent class economic conflicts that sparked galloping inflation in the early 1960s, the military government must continue to exercise its savagely repressive dictatorship.

This brings us to our next alternative and in my judgment the only real solution—social justice. We need, first, to provide liberal income supplements to the working poor, to provide more generous assistance to the aged, to fatherless families, to the disabled and helpless, and to guarantee public employment to those who are unable to find jobs in the private economy. We need to provide a national health service, an abundance of decent low-cost housing and adequate urban and intercity public transportation at moderate cost. We need to provide generous scholarship assistance for the children of all but the well-to-do to enable them to pursue their higher vocational, technical or academic interests beyond the high school level, and supplement this with tax relief assistance to their parents for the costs they bear. Workers stuck in dead end jobs should also be enabled to take training courses that would enlarge their opportunities. Major new public recreational and cultural facilities and services should be created. Revenue sharing with state and local governments should be adequate to help them in significant degree to supply essential services and ease the burden of crushing sales and property taxes. This will do for a start.

How do we pay for all this? The key strategic requirement here must be that the methods used again contribute to social justice by eliminating inequities and moderating disproportionate burdens in the tax structure. The fiscal dividend resulting from the full use of more productive resources, the elimination of the notorious loopholes in the existing tax structure, and the elimination of waste in the defense budget are all potential multibillion contributors. Combined, they should produce over $50 billion yearly. A significant mutual disarmament agreement with the Soviet Union could save many billions more. We can add to this additional billions from stiff penalties on industrial polluters and from savings on pork barrel projects, unmeritorious subsidies (shipping, agricultural) and on commuter and intercity highway projects that have already encouraged far more automobile traffic and congestion than we should tolerate. These should more than suffice. If they did not we could always go back to the tax levels that prevailed before the tax cuts of the 1960s.

There is no inflation in this scenario. But this is merely a by-product of something more important. What is at stake here is a happier society. It involves basically only some moderate transfers from those who can well afford it, and other transfers from wasteful to more rational and humane resource uses. For more than 40 years we have delayed. If we wait for a "right" time, a time free of grave national concerns or troubles, we will wait forever. It is only by our purposeful and constructive actions that the time can be made right. Like now. This is what the elections next fall, and in 1976, should be about.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Thieves Like Us

(United Artists)

The Three Sisters

(American Film Theatre)

The hero of *Thieves Like Us* is a young bank robber and murderer. At the end he is gunned down by the police in a Mississippi motel cabin, and they carry out his body in a blanket. Then, in a close-up, we see them setting the body down in a puddle in the yard. That close-up and the choice of the puddle are typical of the heaviness, the fundamentally mawkish fatalism with which Robert Altman has loaded this film.

Altman along with Calder Willingham and Joan Tewkesbury wrote the script from Edward Anderson's novel (1937). I read it in 1949 when it was reprinted by a paperback publisher for whom I was working, to tie in with the release of the first film made from it, Nicholas Ray's *They Live by Night*. I liked the novel as a reticent piece of pore-inspecting quasi-naturalism. It's just been reprinted again as a film tie-in (by Avon), and I still like it, though now the purple metaphors jar the texture. But Anderson's book does exactly what Altman's film does not do: it fixes its hero and heroine, Bowie and his girl Keechie, as creatures of circumstance, helpless and overpowered, grasping frantically for some truth—a paradox of the possibility of spirit in a drastically degraded moral landscape. We accept Bowie's values, given his conditioning, and accept the fate of Bowie and his girl as Zola-Dreiser specks of human grit bursting into flower for a few moments before the juggernaut of society rolls over them.

Almost all of this is missing from Altman's film. His only attempts to connect Bowie with society are in terms of minutiae—a sound-track décor of contemporary radio programs (by now a painfully trite device), the drinking of Cokes, etc. Anderson's stimulus for his novel apparently came from the story of Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow. The script for the *Bonnie and Clyde* film by David Newman and Robert Benton leaned overexplicitly on social and Freudian motivations; Altman's script, possibly in reaction, leans so far the other way that we almost get two cleaned-off clinical specimens. We cannot feel that these two are products of the Depression or of environment, only that Bowie is a moral idiot and that Keechie is a mollusk clinging to him. The script even underscores Bowie's animality by having him cold-bloodedly kill a pal at the end because the pal insults Keechie, where Anderson merely had Bowie throw the pal out of his car.

Then Altman the director emphasizes the script's coldness and bareness by going exactly the opposite way in execution; he and his cinematographer Jean Boffety have worked with wistful visual sentiment from the opening shot. He misses few chances of any kind to blunder artily. A mirror cracks fortuitously and symbolically. When the young pair first make love, a radio gives us *Romeo and Juliet*, and keeps repeating the same bit, like a stuck phonograph. (It's the one purposely unreal touch.) Altman couldn't have been satirizing his lovers, so he must have thought he was embellishing the scene. And to pile on the art for us, he alters Anderson's ending. The novel has the lovers killed together, quickly. Altman has the girl trapped outside the cabin and made to witness the killing, at length. The blasting of the cabin is itself superfluous; there's no reason why the hidden cops couldn't have shot the boy the moment he stepped out of his car before he went inside. That wasn't done so we could have the protracted shooting in which the cabin is nearly blown apart, and he dies alone so we could have a fancy epilogue in which Keechie melts into the crowd. Art has rarely seemed longer, or life shorter.

Keith Carradine, the Bowie, looks right but has absolutely no appeal to make us supply, in empathy, what the part needs if it's going to rise out of the specimen jar. Shelley Duvall, the Keechie, at least manages a few flexible moments that hint at possible depth. But she is a big-toothed beanpole. The casting of Duvall is not only contrary to Anderson's description of her (as a sexy little piece); more important, it shows Altman's sentimental insistence on the very opposite, the unappealing. Bowie's two robber-pals, John Schuck and Bert Remsen, sound as if they came from other parts of the country. Ann Latham, as a coy temptress, is right out of the Southern-slattern pigeonhole. Only Louise Fletcher as a convict's waiting wife is completely valid.

Again Altman proves that he has little security except in satire like *M*A*S*H* and *The Long Goodbye*. He has no grip on the center of *Thieves Like Us*, so it never grips us. The glib invocation of Faulkner in relation to this picture, indulged in by some, apparently comes from the acceptance of similar data as similar accomplishment. By the same declension one could invoke Saul Bellow for *Save the Tiger*.

The recent American Film Theatre releases have been poor, mainly because the choices of plays were poor. Albee's *A Delicate Balance*, in which a shriveling playwright tries to disguise that fact with swathings of fake mandarinese and fake metaphysics, is like spending three hours head-down in yards of velour. Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* is thin enough to begin with, but Tom O'Horgan stretched it past endurance with directorial clownishness. Osborne's *Luther* is an unsuccessful grab at a complex subject, susceptible of redemption by a good performance; but Stacy Keach simply showed more of his creeping paralysis.

Now a vault upward—Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*. This is, arguably, the best play since Shakespeare; so, inevitably, it's uncomfortable as a film. Laurence Olivier, who directed, knew this before he started, and has done his best to keep as many characters on screen at once as possible so that we can, in his words, observe "who is listening and who is thinking of something else." Given the impossibilities, his direction is generally good, except for some clumsy "touches" like a close-up of the bumptious Natasha's shoes when she first enters, so that we will identify her

(continued on page 35)

Films Worth Seeing

The Exorcist. You've heard of it? Ugly as hell and just as scary.

The Last Detail. Two older sailors escort a young sailor to naval prison—and en route show us where prison really is. Jack Nicholson smashing.

The New Land. If you have/have not seen *The Emigrants*, don't miss the second half of this Swedish-American epic. Truly large.

SK

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Dying Wishes, End and Means

Last Rights
by Marya Mannes

(Morrow; $5.95)

In *The Waning of the Middle Ages* the great Dutch historian Johan Huizinga portrayed a society obsessed with death: mendicant preachers and morose poets vividly reminded their audiences of fleshly decomposition; the newly popular *Ars moriendi* instructed the dying in proper behavior; the grotesque dance of death appeared on churchyard walls.

One might ask whether something similar is not occurring today. In 1955 Geoffrey Gorer could write of "The Pornography of Death," and following him many have repeated the formula that death is taboo in our society much as sex was for the Victorians. That statement is less and less persuasive. Courses on death and dying are being taught not only in medical schools and seminaries but at every level of education, from primary grades to college. A specialty with the unlovely title of thanatology has emerged, with conferences, scholarly papers, technical journals. At last notice Elisabeth Kubler-Ross' path-breaking study of the stages of dying, *On Death and Dying*, had sold 450,000 copies.

It is not surprising therefore that "death books" should be now mentioned among the building blocks of publishers' lists; I know of at least 20 published since the beginning of 1973. Marya Mannes' contribution to this growing genre is probably neither the best nor the worst, though it may be one of the most suitable for widespread discussion. The reason is precisely its middling level of achievement. This is the way the subject of death is apt to be handled as it ripples out from the thanatologists, physicians and specially concerned individuals into the arena of general discussion.

Indeed it is not hard to read Mannes book as a script for a TV series on death: it even begins with chapters titled "Soundtrack" and "Pictures"; it is filled with short takes, bits of dialogue and interviews, anecdotes and cases. There are quick jumps from one "scene"—the term is often used, as in a playscript, to introduce a section—to another. The narration is generally that once-over-lightly of information that one hears while the images shift on the screen: an intensive care unit, a noted doctor's face, newspaper headlines about a case of mercy killing. The chapter on the attitudes of various representatives of "The Creative Spirit" (Beethoven, Einstein, Eleanor Roosevelt) in the face of death even comes accompanied by photos of peaceful death masks.

The book then has the merits of a television documentary. It makes an impact on our emotions. It compels us to "see" certain realities: the isolation and loss of control suffered by the aged and dying, the relentless pressure of modern medicine, the patterns of abandonment, deception and conspiratorial silence at a time when trust, openness and communication are crucial. It is meant for a wide audience. It leaves a single, strong impression.

It also has the disadvantages of a TV special. No issue can be explored in depth, no complexity, no nuance lingered over. Abstraction, like nature's vacuum, is abhorred; the examination of any principle is crushed by the dense onrush of image and emotion. One keeps moving—and one feels the tight control of the author over whatever we view.

The "last rights" for which the book is a *plaidoyer* are the right to better care and to the truth about one's situation, but above all the right *to die*. The book is only one more sign that euthanasia has arrived as a major issue on our society's agenda. Perhaps it is because we are so swiftly moving past the point where euthanasia is merely an idea to be broached, a thought to be forced into consciousness so that it can get a fair hearing; because we are past that point and approaching some kind of decision on the matter, such as we have largely reached on abortion, that Mannes' emotional, summary treatment seems so unsatisfactory.

For it must be admitted that separate problems, separate courses of action, with distinctly different implications legally, politically and religiously, are hopelessly muddled throughout *Last Rights*.

Mannes herself recognizes several of the important distinctions commonly made in discussions of euthanasia, between, for instance, "active" (or "direct") euthanasia and "passive" (or "indirect") euthanasia. The former involves purposely administering special measures in order to end a life; the latter involves the suspension of special efforts to keep alive, possibly at great pain or cost, a person who would prefer to die. Mannes also distinguishes between euthanasia and "mercy killing," presumably on the basis that the former depends upon the decision of the dying person, while in the latter, the decision is made by someone else. And yet even in the chapter representing her most determined attempt at clear definition, Mannes keeps none of these categories distinct. She writes of euthanasia as a "passive or negative act of restraining from measures"—and then proceeds to discuss proposed legislation that clearly legalizes *active* euthanasia. She writes of euthanasia as "a purely voluntary choice," but two paragraphs later says that it is "primarily" the physician's decision. Of course there are gray areas where many of these distinctions are not easily made, and some commentators have questioned their moral significance altogether. But one must admit that active euthanasia and mercy killing are sufficiently radical departures from our ethical and legal traditions, that their advocacy should be pursued with some rigor. Passive euthanasia, on the other hand, which has now been explicitly approved by the American Medical Association, should no longer serve as a stalking horse when one's real target is something else.

The second area of muddle in *Last Rights* is found in the contrast between the author's arguments and the examples she herself provides. She dismisses the concerns of "cynics" who "suspect that some relatives might encourage the hastening of death" for self-interested reasons, and yet her own text dramatically illustrates how frequently Americans abandon and abuse their aged and ailing relatives. In fact the problem is not whether people are as good as Mannes would believe or as evil as her "cynics" suspect. Statistically any system is certain to be abused. The hard question is how many instances of abuse are we willing to accept in order to extend the choice of euthanasia to others? Or vice versa: how many cases of prolonged suffering will we tolerate

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in order to prevent certain abuses?

Similarly Mannes' chief villain, in denying the dying their last rights, is "the Church," organized religion in general and the Roman Catholic Church in particular. Apart from the general ignorance that she shows on this topic, her own examples belie her animus. She accurately reports that Pope Pius XII in effect took the position admitting passive euthanasia *in 1957* that the AMA arrived at last December. She cites, somewhat condescendingly, the report on euthanasia issued by the Reformed Church of the Netherlands two years ago; and when she describes three institutions specializing in dignified care for the dying, it turns out that all three operate under religious auspices.

Perhaps the anti-church theme is not merely a crotchet but an important clue to the author's outlook. Mannes writes in the tradition of rationalist reformers who for several centuries have identified human betterment with man's assertion of control over his own destiny, especially in the face of the limits proclaimed by traditional religion. Death has always been a reality not easily integrated into such a worldview, and the repression of death in modern society may be due more to the triumph of the viewpoint represented by Mannes herself than she dare admit. In some ways, by protesting the very real wrongs done the dying, by claiming "last *rights*," in the enlightenment language of her intellectual forebears, she has transformed into the terms of her own tradition the even larger problem that quite clearly concerns her: the very mystery of death itself. As a personal effort to grapple with this mystery, *Last Rights* cannot help but move us. As an introduction to any who may still be unaware of the need to change our treatment of death and the dying, the book will be valuable. As a guide to specific reforms it is both confused and confusing.

Peter Steinfels

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W. T. Lhamon, Jr., on Rock

The pop performer back in the '30s, Nathanael West said, was a hooked trout writhing on the audience's line. Think, then, of rock groups shuddering today on an electrically amplified bass beat and screaming treble. There is a line between rock performer and rock audience but it is less a fishing- than a mainline. And the present rush is total:

"Goat's Head Soup"
by the Rolling Stones
(Rolling Stones Records; $5.95)

Rock: From Elvis Presley to the Rolling Stones
by Mike Jahn
(Quadrangle; $9.95)

Mick Jagger
by J. Marks
(Curtis; $1.50)

nothing short of epilepsy and electroshock, simultaneously induced. Nor is it therapeutic: Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix and the Stones' own Brian Jones have been among the most notable casualties of that high voltage power line. The Beatles fell apart on it. It has helped create the alternating currents of even Bob Dylan's mercurial style. Dylan once said that he accepted chaos, but he wasn't sure it accepted him. The Rolling Stones also accept chaos, but in song after song chaos surely accepts them. Only the Stones have been able to conduct the present electricity, flirt with its death-wish, and diffuse it back toward the audience. And only they have stayed the same while they grew. Thus they have added to rock music while never abandoning—instead revealing—its essential power.

Their relation to their audience has been less prophetic than seismographic. From the moments of their best early songs, like "The Last Time" and "Satisfaction," they have been catching the signals in the noise and amplifying them. If most of the signals suggest that cultural noise is increasing, then the suggestion constitutes just one of the many paradoxes in their genius. "That man comes on the radio. And he's tellin' me more and more about some useless information, supposed to fire my imagination. I can't get no . . . Oh no no no . . . no Satisfact'on": these lines from "Satisfaction" are perhaps the only universally recognized classics in rock music. But the words are submerged in the anarchy of the rock sounds. The lyrics whang in the same noise about which the Stones complain, yet the music continues to celebrate noise by revealing it as positive anarchy—a spicy soup. There's truth in the pejorative saw that rock audiences mostly don't listen to words. Rock audiences listen instead to a different authority. It's not the pure Word they are after, but the unspeakable Mix.

The words on Stones cuts are only good therefore, when heard within the contexture of the band and within the multiple layers of nuance that their singer, Mick Jagger, juices from seemingly banal phonemes. Also Jagger himself has reiterated that the words are unimportant, so much so that he intentionally mumbles the bad lines when they come up, mumbles them back into the music. For them, the mix is more important—a fact which even sympathetic auditors like Dylan have fought against. For example Dylan reputedly told the Stones he could have written "Satisfaction," but that they could never have written "Tambourine Man." Jagger's response was to admit that likely truth but to wonder, could Dylan *sing* "Satisfaction"?

Most of the great Stones songs, from "The Last Time" and even "Play with Fire" through "Sympathy for the Devil" and "Gimme Shelter" and on presently to "Winter" in the current album, are about the end of this world, the coming apocalypse and the beyond. What's beyond is moot. In "Gimme Shelter," storm and floods are threatening the singer's "very life today"; war, rape, murder are all "just a shot away"; so if he doesn't get shelter, he'll "just fade away." But into what? Into love: "Love, sister, it's just a kiss away." And so uncertainty boogies on because "kiss away" may mean either that love is close, or that love is a mere something to kiss goodbye. And in "Winter," the singer announces a "cold, cold winter" in which "a lotta love is all burned out," but he goes on to hope for, and act out, a "long, hot summer," during which "a lotta love will be burnin' bright." In fact the song seems to be poised upon the actual moment of breakdown: "I

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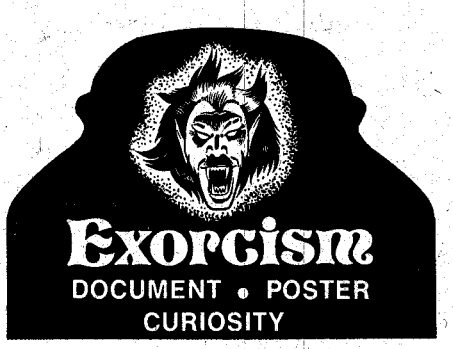
wish I been out in California when the lights on all the Christmas trees went out. But I been burnin' my bell, book and candle, and the restoration plays has all gone 'round." Then, as in other songs on this album, there are the doubts; will the singer be able to give anyone else shelter after the darkness arrives?: "I wanna wrap my coat around ya . . . I wanna but I can't afford ya."

These songs approaching and exploring the interface and environs of cultural death have played every jukebox in the land, come over every airwave into every cruising AM radio, pumped into every back-brain of the Western world's counterculture, and hopped up its every dancing foot. Apocalypse, the guitars and the highhat proclaim, is good times. Moving toward noise and let-loose energy is good times. It's good, rock audiences feel, more than think, to move toward entropy, toward random energy, toward "useless information," toward a total promiscuity where all modes, all styles, each diction, every voice and note are mixed into an overcooked stew where all discrete systems are broke, broken, broken down, running into—not merely juxtaposed with—one another. Yes! The title of this last album, "Goat's Head Soup," is not an accident.

The goat in the soup, as the full-color picture included in the album suggests, is the threatening fertility, demon sway and black magic marinating in the soup of the age. The other pictures, on the cover, are David Bailey shots of each band member, veiled in distorting gauze, seeming to be submerging with a smile in the same soup. These images capture the enduring image of the band: a group welcoming and creating the chance to explore the volts beyond discreteness (they've always been past discretion), beyond the styles they and their times grew up with, beyond the customary orders of the day. A few bars in one of the best "Soup" songs, "Coming Down Again," says it well: "Slipped my tongue in someone else's pie, tasting better all the time . . . Being hungry, it ain't no crime."

Tongue? Someone else's pie? Rock music has always caught itself between moaning and meaning, between pimples and posterity. So the first thing to admit is that the Stones are often outrageously obscene and very nasty. But there's more, for they are promiscuous in the root sense of being *pro-mix*. The visual signature on their latest album labels is a red hanging-out tongue; they call their touring plane the Tongue, perhaps because it slips them into different lands with different languages all over the world. And their recorded voices are anything but their native London tongues. They sing put-ons, put-downs, Appalachian lays, delta blues, urban blues, Texas blues, Nashville country, blackface-vaudeville, hard rock, psych rock, demon rock. And they mix them, running through several styles in one song, even merging more than one in a single line. More than any other group, rock or jazz, gospel or pop, they sing in tongues. Singing or talking tongues is an energy trip, a passing over into another state on the total mix of all sound, with all discrete meanings merged in a rush, a rush which approximates a mode ineffably beyond this world of linear, un-tongued discourse.

The Rolling Stones have hung together longer than any other rock group (except, I suppose, for the Beach Boys and The Band, now touring again with Dylan). Perhaps because the events of the decade since their first single in June 1963 impinge on their consciousness, history has preoccupied the Stones—noticeably since "Sympathy for the Devil," but more strikingly in this album than in any of their others. "Dancing with Mr. D.," "100 Years Ago," "Coming Down Again," "Silver Train" and "Winter"—in short, most of



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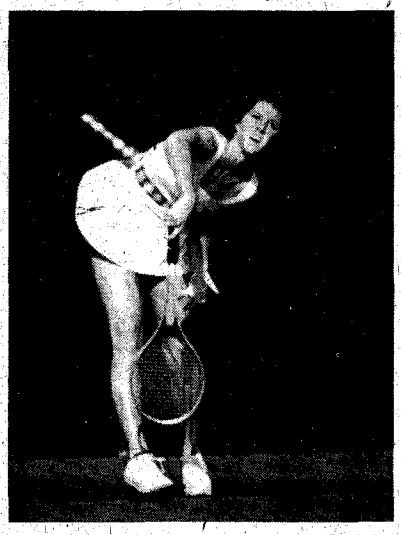
the prominent tunes on the album—directly address the problem of living within history and the opportunity to plunge out. From this angle, the other songs are hints about how the Stones are living until the Last Time arrives. "Hiding away," for example, will be neither easy nor for everyone. But the song speaks very much to the present by bespeaking, as Dylan's resurfacing does, a refocused, hard-edged music which is as important in its sphere as the newest poetry, fiction and films are in theirs. Not incidentally, too, the spheres are really no longer that separate. Anyone listening to this album while reading Burroughs, Thompson, Pynchon, Wurlitzer, or watching Bertolucci, Godard, Altman, Siegel and others will not only catch cross references but also enrich the separate pleasures.

The sliding style of Stones songs—as if they were bending whole forms, not just a single blue note—is the best feature of the kind of rock that the Stones savor, for it distinguishes them from blues on the one hand and jazz on the other. Blues is a round form by definition; it takes up an experience—lost lover, loneliness, feeling hung, aimless trucking—feels it poignantly, expresses a coping attitude which accepts the irreversibility of the experience, and fades out with the mood better understood but still there, essentially there. Fine jazz, like Coltrane's, like Miles Davis', often offers an alternative, transcendent, expanded consciousness for the aural grabbing. The form of blues copes but doesn't transcend, while jazz transcends but doesn't cope—leaving, therefore, a gap. Rock—rock like the Stones play—transports between the two. The best examples of this style that I'm trying to locate are those groups or musicians who are at home with the different individual modes—the first Butterfield Blues Band doing "East/West," or John McLaughlin (who has played with Miles Davis) teaming with Carlos Santana to play "Let Us Go into the House of the Lord." Each of these examples is of a music that moves an audience on a hallucinogenic journey from one place and style through others, wrapped exhaustingly in what the Stones have called "the silk sheet of time" ("I Got the Blues"), into zones of magnificently released energy.

The two books under review agree that the Stones are the greatest rock group today. Jahn's *Rock* awards them the honor because Dylan and the Beatles defaulted—I wonder what he'd say now that Dylan is back. And Marks concedes, in *Mick Jagger*, that they are the best, but also the best abandoners: "We are abandoned here in midair. Riding feebly in the uncertain gust of Mick's last song." His book complements Jahn's history, though even together they don't take anyone very far toward what rock is. Jahn's accounting is of the Sgt. Friday sort—the facts, ma'am, just the facts. He ventures nothing and gains the same, though his book has redeeming value when the facts are themselves flat trivia, as they were in the early '50s, ripe only for the sort of fond and mindless chronicle Jahn has put together. Marks' story has nothing to do with the facts; he deals in what seem to me *fax:* suppositions about myths concerning other myths of rock personalities, which are themselves bogus projections. Marks agrees with the 1965 Stones cut that tells us that "The Singer Not the Song" is important. Marks has written, after all, about the singer. But Marks and the song are both wrong. "Goat's Head Soup" shows the Stones have realized that the singer is just a voice, a tongue, and the song carries the tongue, submerging it in the soup when occasions demand. It's the song not the singer. And the Stones are now doing more with the song than is any other rock group.

Although no band has had a larger crush on America or has so totally lavished itself on every example of American funk from T-shirts through Slim Harpo and Buddy Holly to Los Angeles, they are the one band that America will never—can never—assimilate. America loved the Beatles, gorged on them, and ended by mushing them in muzak. Other groups sing Dylan songs, as they did the Beatles'. But nobody ever recuts a Stones number. The Stones are to popular music what Nathanael West has been to the American novel, only darker, deadlier, more the satanic majesties they claim to be: more a torch than West's thorn in the side. Play with the Stones and you play with a tongue of fire.

Physical fitness is beautiful, beautiful, beautiful.



Something beautiful is happening to girls. They are not just spectators anymore. They're into Physical Fitness. The results are simply beautiful when parents support the Physical Education programs of their schools.

The President's Council on Physical Fitness & Sports
Washington, D.C., 20201

First Person

Collected Poems by Paul Goodman edited by Taylor Stoehr

(Random House; $12.50)

Paul Goodman's life, in its intensity of commitment to both literature and society, inevitably recalls Thoreau's. Both men were ardent in their love for America, and both despised its occasional tyrannies; both wrote extensively about themselves, less because they were self-involved than out of a conviction that their experiences as ordinary citizens were important. Both were primarily essayists and yet worked hard at writing poems. Goodman's poems themselves are notably similar to Thoreau's: simple, declarative and full of longing, owing much of their immediacy to Thoreau's reminder that "it is, after all, always the first person that is speaking." The great virtue of Goodman's poems is their plain-spokenness, their will to state complex truths in the American vernacular.

Of course Goodman was considerably better known as a social critic and polemicist than as a writer of imagina-

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tive literature. It was *Growing Up Absurd* that made him famous, and this not until he was nearly 50, as George Dennison relates in his fine, evocative memoir that accompanies these *Collected Poems*. He wrote 40 books in all, of which most are out of print or, worse, forgotten. This is not to say that he went unread after he became well known; aside from *Growing Up Absurd*, works like *New Reformation: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative*, *Gestalt Therapy*, and other political or public writings received wide attention. Like many writers who feel an obligation to promote social change, and so devote their energies to criticism (James Agee was one, Harold Rosenberg is another), Goodman was more interested in the production of literature than in anything else. He himself was "that mystery of mysteries, the reformist radical," or so he describes a character from his immense novel, *The Empire City*. And nowhere is this desire to reform entire institutions more evident than in his poetry, where the "institution" is nothing less than life itself.

According to Dennison, there is to be found in all of Goodman's work the same insistent theme, "the search for harmony of the life made by man and the life not made but given." In his essays he could exhort or propose (one of his books consists of letters written to various newspapers and journals), and thus participate in what was "made by man"; for poetry he reserved the "given," the world in what often seemed to him its intransigence and even cruelty. Poem after poem laments the irrational society fashioned by Adam (his antonomasia for man), the tedious errors of history:

What is it with this race that does not learn?
I am weary for meaning and they tire
my soul with great deeds. Yet I cannot turn
my eyes from the stupid story in despair:
since I have undertaken to be born,
Adam, Adam is my one desire.

His anger against those responsible for Vietnam is no less constant; everywhere he sees "the vast wreck of common sense and justice," and is torn between patriotism and intense resentment. The world of his concerns, humane and cultured, was violated so consistently that there were times when he could only complain, and bitterly.

Nor was this view of the world entirely without justification. The chronicle of failure told in the notebooks kept "during a useless time," *Five Years*, would have required more than the success that followed to cancel out its effects. Then there were family tragedies: the accidental death of his son, his older sister's death; and the problems of homosexuality, so directly examined in the poems. He spoke of all these things openly, and with great humility; it was a relief to him that he could write verse, which was a way

to say in poetry the public word
that countenances and ennobles
because we say it on authority.

That authority resided in his own moral impulses, and in the tradition of literature. Paul Goodman was extraordinarily learned, as both his works of criticism and his poems demonstrate. In *Art and Social Nature*, he noted that "Only a deep memory can invent humane letters." This memory, the memory of rich, cultural inheritance, he called up in the service of his own compositions, which accounts for the many quotes and references to music, literature and philosophy. Moreover his knowledge of classics is evident in the many poems modeled after Pindar, Sappho and "In the Manner of Anacreon"; he used the conventional forms of English poetry with sureness and grace, and found the sonnet congenial to his habit of compressing disparate events into a limited formal space.

In *Speaking and Language*, subtitled (echoing Sidney and Shelley) "Defence of Poetry," Goodman emphasized the importance of colloquial speech in his writing. He was a master of idiom, a brilliant stylist who knew how to turn language into a subtle instrument responsive to what he saw. One of his most original poems, "Epode. The New Bus Terminal," celebrates in ironic high style the completion of the Port Authority, alternating between the grandiose ("this new/ this marvel where the buses overhead/ roar to the provinces") and the demotic ("so I came inside/ out of the lousy season"). In this he was like Delmore Schwartz, whose comic, exaggerated poetry took advantage of the tradition in order to satirize or elevate his subject.

More than Schwartz, though, I would say that Goodman's poems resemble Berryman's late religious phase. Less metered, less intense than Berryman's "Address to the Lord," much of Goodman's poetry is in the form of prayer, the wish to speak directly with God. His theology was uncomplicated, wanting only explanations about why things were as they were, and was expressed, like all his poetry, in the most economical speech possible. Toward the end of his life, he seems to have become resigned to a condition he was powerless to alter:

Despairing to be happy any more,
on the other hand I am not much in pain,
I can work, and sometimes from my pen
such lovely sentences of English pour
as I am proud of for their casual grandeur
nor will, when I am dead, they be forgotten;
I look about and I am as most men as happy.
Yet my spirit is still sore
with disappointment of the paradise
lost that I could not enter; a hard question
haunts me, "Is life worth it as it is?"

Because he wrote so copiously, these poems vacillate between Utopian hope and a sort of Nietzschean stubbornness; one can learn from them nearly all the details of Goodman's own life, the trials encountered, the successes and loss.

I don't mean to make too large a claim for these poems. They depend on what he called elsewhere "the glorification of simple overt acts," and often require patience to read through simply because their intentions are so limited. Goodman wrote poetry with a deliberate awkwardness. Perhaps he thought it would be more democratic to practice a style so plain and rude. His own estimate of his work was rather high; but he was surely accurate in these lines:

I have among the Americans
the gift of honest speech
that says how a thing is
—if I do not, who will do it?

James Atlas

Notes on Contributors

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Horse Badorties

The Fan Man
by William Kotzwinkle

(Avon, $2.45; Crown, $5.95)

Here it is only March, man, and we already have the funniest book of 1974. It's the story of Horse Badorties, man, a fellow who says man a lot and who has a lot to say to any man. . .

Who is Horse Badorties? He's an avatar for our time, a filthy, hippie dope fiend and dealer who lives in what he calls an ever-shifting shit pile, who plays the moon lute and chases 15-year-old chicks, man. And catches them. But has trouble making it after the catch, man, because he's so busy. And so is his pad. Take that Chinese chick who went up to the filthy, stinking, horrible, soaking-wet Horse Badorties pad with Horse, there to confront reality:

> *We struggle around in the junk, man, trying to find a place to lay down, but it is not safe on the floor, even the roaches are going around in little paper boats. "We'll have to do it standing up baby." She reaches for my Horse Badorties pants, man, and I am knocked off balance, and we topple, down into the unknown impossible to describe trash pile. We are rolling around in the dark contents—old loaf of bread, bicycle tire, bunch of string in peanut oil, bumping weird greasy things and slimy feelings and sand and water, lid of a tin can floating by on a sponge. There's my book on telepathy with a roach on page 12 reading about the Dalai Lama.*

Horse's beloved trash thwarts Horse's lovemaking, Chinese chick splits, but Horse is sanguine and considers how chick will perhaps return tomorrow to ride with him in old yellow school bus he is going to buy with rubber check at a New Jersey junkyard; also buys old air raid siren, old minesweeper, braking mechanism from old subway car and $10 greasy dog covered with slime and ick and so rotten when he brushes against you you have to throw your clothes away. Horse piles all equipment and dog into bus and drives off:

> *Listen to that engine purring. It handles like a tank, man. I can hardly steer it, what an advantage. Turning it around man, in the junkyard practically tears my arms out of the sockets . . . Maestro Badorties is wheeling along at last, man, 40 miles an hour in his own valuable vehicle.*

Horse Badorties is obviously an unusual person. So also must be William Kotzwinkle who has invented Horse in this short, artfully structured, supremely insane novel about a freaky quasi-Hindu-shmindu brahman who is one with the ridiculously filthy, worn-out world. It is Buddha's story turned inside out, glopped up and set in Manhattan, notably the East Village where Horse's ever-shifting shit pile is situated.

Kotzwinkle's artistry is such that you take the allusions to Buddhism and Hinduism for granted as merely arcane tidbits from the weird, eclectic Horse Badorties speech pattern. But the fan obsession, man, begins to form a religious pattern of its own. It hums. Horse is deep into fans, carries several $1.95 battery-powered Japanese fans with him in his also eclectic satchel, buys more fans, gives them away, orders one for each member of the Love Chorus he is organizing at St. Nancy's Church in the Bowery, where Horse is at home among the bums, where many 15-year-old chicks show up to sing medieval harmonies to the accompaniment of the sound of the fans, the one sound in which all other sounds are contained, the sacred note OM, which when blown forth through Horse's fans, or past his sphincter, or especially through the huge fan in the Museum of Natural History which Horse visits, sounds like this: BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMMNNNNNNNN. This is brahman as well as OM, or, as it is broken down, A-U-M, a trinity of syllables that embodies the creator, the preserver and the destroyer, all of which Horse simultaneously is; which also signifies the eternal, the temporal and the principle that mediates between them, all of which Horse understands fully without ever getting to anything so formally phrased. He is into samadhi, man, the identification with all worldly objects, so that he is, as any halfway decent avatar ought to be, tuned into a thousand things at once. Consider his state of mind as he plays his moon lute:

> *It is an incredibly weird sound, man, the likes of which no one in Tompkins Square Park has ever heard. It is so weird, man, it is driving me crazy to play it, but at the same time it is so perfectly beautiful, man, because I am master of every opening and closing rhythm pattern known to the mind of man, and in moments like these, man, when I am playing them all, I know man, that music should be the only thing I ever do. Which is why I am going to become a used car salesman instead, man . . . Fingers going man, fifty fingers, all over the strings . . . how I wish I was eating a clam sandwich . . . this is so beautiful man, I have to split over to my pads immediately, someone might be trying to phone me about some carrots.*

And so as Horse gallops along through his densely packed realm we perceive him not as another Ginger Man, which at times he seems to be, but as a lowest-level saint of dreck and yecch, a holy man climbing up from the oily, filthy bottom muck of Central Park lake, following Buddha's path, lugging a red, white and blue hot dog umbrella to protect himself, moving toward a cosmic consciousness of all things—stinking hundred-year-old Chinese eggs, wild saxophones and trombones, piña colada and 42nd Street rubber hamburgers, merging into the pure white grease of this and every other historical and precognitive phase of life, tuned into dinosaurs and elephant dances, the Egyptian piano, the Etruscan bagpipe, the Babylonian police, which he remembers running from.

He is moving toward the rekindling of first enlightenment, like Buddha remembering the Bo Tree. Horse finds his tree in Van Cortland Park in the Bronx, the one beneath which he balled his first chick. He sits in the park while his Love Chorus gathers in front of NBC cameras, a miracle of oneness arranged by Horse alone, avatar of unifying music and the collective social consciousness.

> *I have the missing centuries in my grip, man, brought back into consciousness through musical discipline. I've studied it all, man, I know the music of the ages. A memory like this is a great power, man, to be used for the good of the world. I will have to open a special Memory School, man, and train people to remember all of their lifetimes, or money back.*

Horse is probably destined for another life, avatar or not. He is purifying him-

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self but has not yet learned to love violins or Ukranian folk songs and he is racist on Puerto Ricans who he fears are taking over the world with their chicken rhythm music, which he keeps out of his mind by wearing his soundproof Commander Schmuck Imperial Winter Hat with anti-Puerto-Rican-music earflaps, man. We all have our failings and prejudices, even Horse.

Wearing one Japanese, one Chinese shoe, uncoding the Tibetan Book Of The Dead and dealing Acapulco produce via Colorado, Horse walks into American literature a full-blown achievement, a heroic godheaded head, a splendid creep, a sublime prince of the holy trash pile. Send congratulations to William Kotzwinkle, also a hero, man.

This must be Kotzwinkle month. Since the above was written, two more Kotzwinkles have surfaced, one new, one three years old. The new one is high-class porn, *Nightbook*, a paperback original, and the old one is new in paper, a collection of stories: *Elephant Bangs Train*, published first in 1971. Neither book has anything like the impact of *The Fan Man*, which though short and episodic is nevertheless ambitious and cohesive. But both new ones are erratically funny and *Nightbook* is nifty dirt (Avon; $2.45 each).

William Kennedy

Sacred Mystery

Temptations of Religion by Charles Davis

(Harper & Row; $4.95)

Among the legions nowadays disaffected from religion, some no longer care, some are angry, and others quietly hope. In his new little book, Charles Davis addresses himself to the latter, as well as to those in the churches who are willing to think about how religion falls into error and betrays the very truth it ought to mediate.

Davis should know. Deeply religious himself, he is a former priest who left the Roman Catholic Church rather than submit to Rome's attempt to control his theology. He believes religions are tempted to arrogance. The basic doctrines and sacraments of Christianity he does not much question, having never regarded himself as other than a Christian; but he thinks that the doctrines are often misused by interpretations too literal, too dogmatic and too closed off against experience. Famed as a rebel, Davis is actually a classical theologian who upholds the venerable position that the doctrines of the church are, like icons and liturgies, symbols of sacred mysteries. Where the symbolic nature of doctrine is forgotten or denied, religion ceases to communicate God and advertises only itself. No wonder people leave it.

The four "temptations of religion" that Davis has something to say about are named in his chapter headings: The Lust for Certitude, Cosmic Vanity, The Pride of History and The Anger of Morality. The book is a kind of manual about four theological sins; the writing is keen, even-tempered and forthright.

Out of lust for certitude, Catholics have proclaimed the Pope infallible in matters of faith and morals, fundamentalists have called scriptures inerrant, and others (like Kierkegaard) have taught that religious inwardness is its own guarantee. They have evoked from rationalists the equally dogmatic belief that all reality is rational.

Full of cosmic vanity, religions claim that their mythological pictures of the universe are factual. Fanatic quarrels with science ensue, driving scientists to claim for *their* cosmologies a certainty unwarranted by evidence.

In pride of history, the Christian religion claims to know the beginning and the end of time. It puts down the religions of Hindus and Buddhists for their "anti-historical" bias. But the Christian scriptures are not historical narratives in the modern sense of the term, and the pride of history leads Christian faith into boastful confusion.

In the anger of morality, right and wrong take precedence over good and evil. Moralistic legalism angrily drives out love. Lost is the charitable insight that moral codes are but symbols of ultimate righteousness.

Davis' emphasis on the symbolic character of religious affirmations has not only a classical root but also two modern ones. He is apparently much influenced by the idea of "the social construction of reality" as put forth by Peter Berger and Thomas Luckmann in their book of that title, plus Berger's application of it to religion in *The Sacred Canopy*. He is also indebted to Paul Tillich's theory of symbols and to Tillich's insights about the fanaticism that results from all attempts to reconstitute a "broken myth" as factual truth.

If religion is all myth and symbol, if we know this and may no longer pretend to certitude in our religious statements, why then do we need the religious game at all? Davis' answer lies in what he calls the transcendent, the ultimate or God. Though the transcendent is beyond all names and is forever mysterious, its bearing upon our social and personal lives is immense. Never is it neutral. The "void" over which we move must be regarded as good, evil or both. Although certain existentialist philosophers may assume that all values arise from human freedom, no society can be predicated on the notion that the universe is valueless. Transactions among human beings are too mysterious and too fateful for that. Christian that he is, Davis holds to the goodness of the sacred void:

> *Vague intimations of enveloping emptiness as an inescapable feature of the human condition may be called pre-religious. Religious experience properly so called is when some revelatory symbol lights up the abyss as positively meaningful, disclosing it as powerful and loving reality. It still escapes our apprehension, remaining in that sense the nothingness beyond. But we feel ourselves grasped by it, enfolded into it as both ultimate reality and ultimate value, as both infinite power and infinite love.*

While Davis has not noticed it, this view of the matter appeals to *mater*. To be grasped and enfolded by infinite power and infinite love is to become as a child at the maternal bosom. Theology returns these days to the feminine. It will learn, by and by, that the feminine is no less terrifying than it is loving, no less awesome than masculine might. But we do have to rejoin the feminine. The male God lost his mystery, which only an intercourse with the female can restore.

To this wisdom Davis is closer than his mentor Tillich, for he soft-pedals all philosophical certitude and begs religion to adapt its posture to the plenitude of experience. Whatever sin may befall Charles Davis, it will not, I think, be that of *hubris*. He addresses theology with the voice of the turtle dove.

Tom F. Driver

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Fine Print

Big Books and Others

Doris Grumbach

Even if I question the size and lavishness of publishing's big books, I cannot deny their occasional pleasures. Take for example **The Playing Card, An Illustrated History** that the New York Graphic Society is responsible for at the seemingly extravagant price of $18.50. Written by Detlef Hoffman (and translated from the German by C. S. V. Salt and Silvia Mann), this new book makes the points that the playing card is as old as Dante's *Divine Comedy*, probably originated in Florence at the end of the 14th century and then spread throughout Europe, was and is widely used in the Orient, Asia and India. But European playing cards had the greatest variety, offer us the greatest variety of suit signs and pictorial material, both on the face and on the back, and are, as this intensive study illustrates, not only amusing and nostalgic vestiges of the past but also cultural evidences of social and political thought in a historical period. Many of them—I noticed especially the German cards made on woodblocks from the 15th to the early 19th century—are distinguished as art; some are educational, like the 17th-century cards of the kings of France or the allegorical educational pack used in England about 1700. There are more modern, politically significant cards: see the Thousand-Year-Reich pack, printed in 1934 of photomontage with faces of Hitler and his friends. Historians and sociologists can have a feast with this book, but the plain collector as well—and there must be hundreds of these—will learn everything he needs to know, and a great deal more, from Hoffman's work.

My personal favorite of the spring's big books, and my nomination for the book best designed to effect a bridge between popular culture and scholarship, is **The Early Comic Strip,** Volume One, even more expensive than the playing card book ($35) and superbly produced by the University of California Press. You may find it hard to believe, if your view of the comic strip is that it started with Mutt and Jeff or The Katzenjammer Kids, that the comic strip dates from about 1450. David Kunzle, a social historian who teaches art, having written books about posters and fashion, has done a monumental job here. His definition of the comic strip, which allows him to expand its limits to art and broadsides since the Middle Ages, is this: the comic strip must tell a story, must have more picture content in its narrative than text, must tell the story in a sequence of images to a mass audience (a requirement that immediately eliminates such things as religious triptychs), must have didactic content, and must contain a social moral that is topical, not necessarily comic. To satisfy the mass-audience requirement, this study begins with the invention of printing in the 15th century and the production of the religious-instruction and morality broadsheets.

At one point Kunzle crosses the turf of the book on playing cards, for here there is depicted the English preparation of the Spanish Armada and the Gunpowder Plot, done on playing cards in 1679, thus both comic strip *and* pack of cards. The volume enters the realm of great art when it treats William Hogarth at length. For Hogarth was the great figure of pictorial satire, his lessons were told in several series of paintings later transferred by engraving (for popular consumption) into popular prints. This first volume of the study, which goes only as far as 1825, concludes with Goya's *Disasters of War*, and succeeded in whetting my appetite for the next one to come, very much, I must confess, like the eagerness with which I used to look forward to the next day's comic-strip action. My only carping with this book is that often quality of reproduction is sacrificed to completeness of illustration and to the exigencies of a complete and authoritative text. Otherwise it is pure delight from start to the excellent bibliography.

On the other hand, and for the real pop-culture fans, there is the unpretentious and often fun-to-read **The Comic-Book Book,** which is what you might expect: a series of reminiscences about Captain Marvel and Terry and the Pirates and Superman, etc. Editors Don Thompson and Dick Lupoff (Arlington House; $8.95) are not concerned with "comics" but with superheroes, detectives, horror comics, aviators, jungle men, magicians—in other words—action strips. After reading this hymn to their virtues I realize what a misnomer "comic" is for these productions. The writing in this volume is full of *Wows!* and *Wheews!* and exclamation points, perhaps in an effort to exactly represent the materials.

Big, useful, and in the *Whole Earth Catalog* tradition is **Whole Cosmep Catalog.** It will interest you if you are concerned about little magazines and small presses—the acronym in the title is for "small magazine editors and publishers." Published by Dustbooks (5218 Scottwood Road, Paradise, California) it is picturesque, bawdy and graphic. Some of the small publishers illustrate their pages with examples of the poetry they publish. If you need proof of just how vigorous the noncommercial presses are, $4.95 will provide you with this directory, which lists and describes more than 500 small magazines, papers and publishing houses. And even if you are only browsing or "looking," you will find entertainment here: a little poetry magazine in Eureka, California, called *Hearse;* an art-and-literature review in Fremont, California, published from a garage 200 yards south of a geological fault, and called *Fault;* and *Contempóra,* the publication of the Georgia Savings Bank and Trust Company, in Atlanta, Georgia. Small presses are now primarily interested in poetry, how-to stuff, ecological materials, and women's concerns. The editor of this catalogue predicts that in another five years they will become the custodian of short fiction, in five more, long fiction. From the evidence of vitality the catalogue gives, it does not seem too unlikely a prediction.

Leave **Famous Faces** (A Photograph Album of Personal Reminiscences) on your coffee table, and you will lose your guests to its fascinations. The pictures in it are all faces, all from the past 25 years, all direct and unembellished, and all numbered rather than captioned. So everyone who comes close to the book's 443 wide pages and 1500 "faces" will indulge in the irresistable game of "who's this?"—the captions are nearby but disconnected from the pictures themselves. The photographer is a theatrical attorney, L. Arnold Weissberger. These pictures are slick but good, an amateur's loving, quick view of celebrities. (Abrams; $35—and for sheer games-and-entertainment value, worth almost every cent of it.)

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Kauffmann, *from page 26*

clatter thereafter, and some dream effects. Also this film is based on the British National Theater production and Olivier has retained his use of the *Internationale* at the end. As I noted in my review of the stage presentation (*TNR*, March 21, 1970), this idea is dreadful.

Otherwise the film is very much better than what I saw on stage—in Los Angeles, without Olivier in the cast and with a different Vershinin and Masha. Although we're always conscious that this is a theater work, the film has more flow and cohesion and tonal consistency/variety than the ragged touring production had. I don't know why Olivier wanted to retain Josef Svoboda's walls made of rods in the film; and some of the performances are poor. Louise Purnell is not beautiful, which Irina must be, and is sometimes incomprehensible, as she was on stage. Sheila Reid plays Natasha too heavily, though that's the director's fault. (I don't believe that Chekhov hated Natasha as much as most directors do. Her behavior is well motivated; and why is her affair ipso facto more reprehensible than Masha's?)

But many of the performances range from good to wonderful. As Masha, the married sister suspended in numbness until a lover comes along, Joan Plowright (Lady Olivier) is very much better than Maggie Smith was on stage, lacking final elegance but playing without cliché and with genuine inner life. Alan Bates, as Vershinin her lover, is better than Robert Stephens was: Bates needs weight and complexity, but he is straightforward and, well, *appreciative*. Olivier, as the drunken doctor Chebutykin, looks more like Lear than a seedy old self-hating boozer and he skims the part, but he's high heavens above the wretched actor I saw filling in for him on tour.

And there are three flawless performances. Ronald Pickup is the best Tusenbach I ever hope to see—fine-strung, modest, eagerly alive, sweet without begging for love. In the very difficult role of Solloni, the captain who is Tusenbach's Nemesis, Frank Wylie is self-doomed, knowingly crazy, marvelous. As Andrei, the adored brother of the three sisters, Derek Jacobi crystallizes the soul of a man who has really wanted the shabby fate that he now blames on the world and on his wife.

This film, made in 1970, was released in Britain and elsewhere but could not find an American outlet. I'm told that this impasse is what gave Ely Landau his idea for the whole AFT project. Good enough. Despite its flaws, this picture is worth anybody's time.

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